William White's Best Man *Gerald W. Johnson*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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OSWALD

May We Have the Facts, Please?

Murray Kempton

If Goldwater Gets It

The Editors

Camus as Journalist

Jean Daniel

Life in Russia

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Barry Scares Foreigners

★ Foreign offices over the world are cabling ambassadors in Washington asking in effect, "What's got into USA? Inform us soonest about Goldwater." You can laugh at the chills down the world's spine and say "Barry, if nominated, hasn't a chance." You know – but how does Europe know? "Look at the polls!" you expostulate. Very well, were the polls right in '48? How about recent polls in N.H., Oregon, California? Maybe the sunny, unassuming, impulsive Barry with his simple answers to hard questions really is the American wave-of-the-future; maybe the USA is going on one of its crashing periodic binges.

Do we think so? No. If we had to diagnose it, it's another psychotic manifestation altogether, the GOP death wish. But put yourself in the place of Prime Minister Alpha, say, of Zed country. Here in the encyclopedia it says the great Republican Party has run America for most of 100 years. It's a two-party nation, so the GOP is the "shadow government," isn't it? The party is now moving hell-bent to nominate a man who would repeal the 20th Century. But that's all right from Mr. Alpha's angle if they stick to domestic matters; how about foreign affairs? Well, here is what Barry proposes and, presumably, what the great mass of fellow-Republicans want if they pick him:

Send Marines into Cuba. Vote against the partial nuclear test ban (Barry did). Oppose wheat sale to Russia. Denounce the joint US-USSR consular agreement, off-the-cuff, as a "secret agreement" (May 28) before reading it. Toy with the notion of dropping nuclear bombs in Vietnam to defoliate the jungle. Charge (on Memorial Day) that America is "sacrificing the lives of its men to the whims of its politicians" . . . "this nation today is being disarmed . . ." The USA is "following the most disastrous foreign policy in its history."

Would that make you blanch if you were the Prime Minister of Zed? It would scare you out of your striped pants!

Tragic Summer

★ Did you know that idealistic students are being recruited over the East to go into Mississippi this summer and work for integration? Did you know that counter-steps are being taken in Mississippi to meet the thrust? This may turn into a tragic summer, brought to a boil by political tirades and the expected new civil rights bill. (Jackson, Miss., just threw out the Hindu head of India's Socialist Party, because he tried to eat at Morrison's whites-only cafeteria.)

This week the supreme Senate cloture effort may be made after the largest filibuster in history. Republican Senate friends of Goldwater postponed it till now so as not to embarrass him in the California primary. Even if cloture is invoked, some 200 amendments can be called up, with an hour's limit for each Senator per amendment. We still guess a presentable bill will pass. Enforcement? That's another thing.

Hatred in Mississippi, gangs in New York subways, civil war in Cambridge, Md. We keep saying that one approach to these things is to reduce unemployment. Full employment wouldn't stop riots, but five years of over five percent unemployment sure helps to produce them! It seems worthwhile to pause for a minute and consider a nation where poverty and unemployment have been licked, and to study how it's done. Sweden. Poverty was ended because Sweden really meant to end it, not just make votes over it.

Sweden's standard of living is second only to America's. Contrary to belief, private enterprise is dominant (91 percent of all business is privately owned). Contrary to what General Eisenhower believes (and publicly said) suicide isn't the sequel to Sweden's comprehensive social welfare; the suicide rate is higher in Austria, West Germany, Japan, Hungary, Switzerland and other lands. Sweden has a firm commitment to maintain full employment. It moves idle workers to jobs, uses public works, and stimulates investment during a downturn in economic activity through funds that private industry is induced by tax benefits to build up during booms. Unemployment in this little country has averaged less than two percent since the end of World War II.

We don't say that the Swedish middle way would necessarily work in the US. The important thing is Sweden's willingness to experiment, and to spend money, and then to rake in the fat benefits of its social justice, skill and equalitarianism. Want to read about it? Write for "Paper No. 5: Unemployment Program in Sweden"; Publications, Joint Economic Committee; New Senate Office Building, Washington. Author of pamphlet: Professor Martin Schnitzer of VPI. Send no money, send no stamps. It's free.

Wages and Profits

★ A tremendous wage-price tussle comes this summer in Detroit, where Walter Reuther will demand higher wages and motor moguls will shriek like virgins approached in their boudoirs. Let's look at it a minute. General Motors in the first quarter of this year (January-February-March) earned profits *after taxes* of 30 percent on stockholders' equity. The auto industry as a whole earned profits *after taxes* of 24 percent. Was this shared with workers in higher wages? No. Was it shared with the public in lower car prices? Yes, a small bit (a percentage point or two in the past three years, and quality improvements). In these conditions how can unions restrain wage demands?

Maybe you think it would be eleemosynary for GM to cut car prices just because profits are enormous? Well, look at how some other durable goods industries have cut prices (figures from government statistics: 1957-59 prices = 100). Washing machine prices have been cut six percent; sewing machines three and one-half percent; vacuum cleaners 15.5 percent; TV sets, nine percent; radios and phonographs 18.5 percent; air conditioners 16 percent; refrigerators 14 percent. All household appliances: eight and three-tenths percent.

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If Goldwater Gets It

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The ascendancy of Barry Goldwater in the Republican Party has its compensations, not least of which is the inevitable desertion of that party by many moderate, worried Republicans and the likelihood of a national mandate for Lyndon Johnson that will allow the next Administration to act decisively. There is still something to be said, too, for the idea, more widely held a year ago than it is today, that the Republican Party itself will profit from the experiment of letting the extremists have their day. A sizable number of Republicans have long believed, as did the German army for so many years, that they were never really defeated. Now with Goldwater they can put their appeal to the country to a clear test. The country will reject them, and so long as American political parties are coalitions bent on winning elections, it is probable that having got this bug out of their system, the Republicans will return once again to what Mr. Rockefeller calls the "mainstream" of American politics.

Our history is replete with examples of parties that were carried off into the byways and which, within a relatively short time, made their way back to the main road. The Democratic Party nominated William Jennings Bryan in 1896, amidst wild enthusiasm and a burning conviction among the rank and file that the then revolutionary idea of free coinage of silver, and only that, would solve the tangled problems of the economy. Bryan lost, and Woodrow Wilson commented in his *History of the American People* that "it was a singular thing how the excitement subsided when the sharp contest was over and the result known." Within eight years, the same party had nominated a conservative, Alton D. Parker, who accepted the nomination only if it were understood that the gold standard was "irrevocably fixed." Parker lost, but it was to a Republican, Theodore Roosevelt, whom the Goldwater crowd surely must consider a wild radical.

On the positive side too, the nearer Senator Goldwater gets to the nomination, the farther he will move from the contaminating influences of the radical right. He cannot entirely escape, nor would he wish to, from the embrace of his most extreme supporters, but inevitably he will wish to seem more responsible, more interested in unity, less inclined to advocate the demolition of established institutions and policies, whether they be the United Nations or social security.

The dangers in a take-over of the Republican Party by the Goldwaterites are not, of course, to be forgotten. For one thing, with Goldwater as Republican nominee, that badly-needed, intelligent debate on

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important national policies is bound to become even less meaningful than it is today. It is only possible to have an enlightening discussion within some commonly-accepted frame of reference. Any debate conducted with what Walter Lippmann calls "the tom-toms and the flagpole-sitting which [Goldwater] substitutes for serious consideration of the terrible issues of war and peace" will do more to confuse than clarify.

It is somewhat alarming also that the very nomination of Goldwater will have the effect of giving some touch of legitimacy to those whom even Goldwater's advisers privately refer to as "the kooks." Thus far, disruptive though they are, here and there, the extremists represented by the John Birch Society have been thought of, and have been, outsiders. With Goldwater as the head of the party, they, the wild men, heretofore with little influence or stature, will come to seem almost respectable.

Finally, a Goldwater Republican Party will, at least for the next four years, place progressive Republican politicians in positions of diminished influence, and may even mark them for oblivion. For whatever differences there are within the Democratic Party, and there are many, they are nothing as compared to the millions of miles that separate men like Senator Javits and Kuchel and Case from the Goldwaters. Progressive Republicans could choose to "do a Wayne Morse" and join the opposition with which they have so much in common, but that is not an easy switch to make, and perhaps all they can do is bide their time, hoping their day will again come, as it will, and hoping, too, that in the meantime they can survive individually.

Worse Than Laos?

While the attention of the world is anxiously fixed on Laos, much bloodier fighting is going on in the Congo, where revolts against the Congolese government at Leopoldville are in full swing in three provinces. The rebels are youthful tribesmen, and the government troops who are attempting unsuccessfully to suppress them have been behaving singularly like Laotians – they run away, generally not to fight another day but to join the rebels at the first opportunity, bringing their modern weapons with them to augment the tribesmen's spears. The *opera bouffe* atmosphere is, however, not the only resemblance to the situation in Laos: there is more than a hint that the rebels have been receiving some encouragement from Chinese Communist officials in neighboring Burundi, and they are flying the blue and gold flag of the Congo's murdered Marxist martyr, Patrice Lumumba. The difference from Laos is, however, between a land of leopard-men cults and a land of the lotus: the rebels have killed a great many people, and a good many rebels are being killed, if not by Congolese government troops then by Rwanda border guards who do not hesitate to mow them down when they venture too close. To tribalism and Communism is added the threat of a race war: white professional soldiers are waiting in Portuguese Angola to lead black Katanga troops against the Leopoldville government at the first sign that the Congo is seriously crumbling again.

It is in those circumstances that the Congolese Prime Minister, Mr. Adoula, has appealed to the United Nations force not to desert him at the end of June, when it is due to pull out. But the UN is over-stretched elsewhere – Cyprus, the Middle East, Kashmir, Korea – and has extended its stay in the Congo once already. It is unlikely to do so again, for two reasons. Not until the UN force gets out of the Congo are Russia and France going to even consider paying their UN dues – each feels it was unfairly assessed for an operation that it disapproves of – and neither the UN nor the US is really anxious for a showdown. But, perhaps more importantly, the UN has neither the wish nor the resources to dispatch armed forces to troubled countries around the world for indefinite stays.

The African countries themselves probably hold the key to this riddle. Nigeria, with good reason, fears both Communism and the contagious disease of fragmenting tribalism, and therefore may agree to send her admirably seasoned soldiers into the Congo, in direct negotiation with the Leopoldville government. On the other side of Africa, the Prime Minister of Tanganyika, Mr. Nyerere, if need arises might seek armed help from some African country like Ethiopia, rather than from a white country and former colonial power like Britain. (The highly-uneasy relationship between Tanganyika and Communist Zanzibar suggests that the invoking of such aid by Tanganyika is by no means an impossibility). Insofar as they are capable of doing so, African governments certainly ought to help each other rather than rely on armed intervention from outside, even in the form of a UN "peace-keeping" force.

COMING: *Humphrey and McCarthy as possible Vice Presidential candidates*

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Bolivian Style

Victor Paz Estenssoro, President of Bolivia from 1952 to 1956 and from 1960 to 1964, has just won another four-year term. In 1952, his National Revolutionary Movement (MNR) turned out the tin barons and the big landowners. But Paz's two old MNR commanders, Juan Lechin Oquendo and Hernan Siles Zuazo, are now his bitter enemies. Lechin, a miners' leader, split from the MNR and formed his own party called the Revolutionary Party of the Nationalist Left. Siles, who was President from 1956 to 1960, spent election day on a hunger strike to show his disapproval of President Paz: Siles did the same. Paz claims that 70 percent of the voters cast their ballots for him, although right-wing opposition parties joined the Siles and Lechin factions in boycotting the election. Paz had got Congress to approve a constitutional amendment making it possible for him to succeed himself, and was supported by the political machine of the MNR, and the armed forces: his Vice Presidential running-mate was General Rene Barrientos Ortuño, the Air Force commander. He could also point to some economic progress; in the last two years, heavy injections of US aid – the highest per capita in all Latin America – began paying off. Last year, Bolivia's Gross National Product increased by 6.8 percent and agriculture grew by 11 percent. Increasing numbers of people are moving from the barren highlands to the lush soil of the valleys east of the Andes and the vast plains stretching north, east and south from the central Bolivian city of Santa Cruz.

Lechin succeeded for a decade in dictating to the National Commission of Mines a level of employment, wages and working conditions that made Bolivia's nationalized tin mines one of the world's most inefficient industrial operations. Most of the millions of dollars poured into Bolivia by the United States since the revolution were used to cover the deficit run up by the tin mines. The miners were organized and armed. Last year, operating on a plan drawn up by American, German and Inter-American Development Bank advisers, Paz arrested mine leaders who had sworn to resist reduction in the mine labor force. Lechin's miners seized 21 hostages, including four Americans, but Paz won this test of strength.

Nevertheless, this victory of Paz was only a qualified one. The atmosphere in Bolivia during the election was both lackluster and apprehensive, as a consequence of the appeals launched by Siles and Lechin for a boycott. Troops were out on election day, and, with only official MNR candidates available, voting appeared to be merely an act of compliance with Bolivia's compulsory election law. Paz may have paid for his victory by incurring the hostility of many disparate political forces that, united, could bring him down. But Paz can now be expected to use all his considerable political skill and energy to speed up Bolivia's economic development, though his methods may not be democratic. Bolivia's problems are those of a country that has made many of the wrenching changes that most other Latin American countries still have ahead of them.

Getting the War Over With

The Chinese Communists have informed the French of Peking's readiness to participate in a new 14-nation conference on Southeast Asia, as proposed by de Gaulle, but this preliminary response offers faint hope of any political settlement in the near future. On Laos, Peking's chargé d'affaires in Paris is reported as having said that although his country accepts the principle of neutralization, it no longer regards Prince Souvannah Phouma as the leader of neutralist forces. On Vietnam, the Chinese are believed to have told the French government that Ho Chi Minh would like assurances that American military forces will be withdrawn, and that in the future France, not the United States, will be the West's main spokesman in South Vietnam. Finally, the Chinese hint at the possibility of reunification of the two Vietnams under a non-aligned socialist regime, roughly comparable to the one in Algeria. Any initiative along these lines would presumably have Peking's backing.

It is not clear whether the Chinese or the North Vietnamese mean to demand withdrawal of American defense support as a pre-condition for any international guarantee of the neutrality and independence of the former states of Indochina. If that is their view, no political settlement is now conceivable. If, however, the restoration of peace and effective guarantees of sovereignty and neutrality are what Hanoi and Peking want, even Washington may come to be receptive to a new conference. For as Senator Goldwater said last week: "All we want to do is to get this little war over with."

Remnants of Empire

It was natural that Nasser, on his recent visit to his disgruntled troops in the Yemen and their disgruntled Yemeni hosts, should have directed the attention of both onto the British in south Arabia, who were, fortunately for him, dropping bombs with an explosion loud enough to mask that of his own bombers in north Yemen. At Aden, and in its Arab hinterland the Aden protectorates, British Tory policy provided him with a golden opportunity to divert attention from his ills.

The hard core of that British policy is sound enough. It is maintenance of a base at Aden that is, at least

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while part of Arabia is in turmoil, a stabilizer for the tranquil parts of the peninsula. The British base at Aden is also a useful, but not necessary, staging post on the way to Southeast Asia, and is of value to all – American, British and Arab – who earn revenue from Persian Gulf oil.

But there are more ways than one of maintaining a base on alien soil, and the least satisfactory is to alienate its local labor force. High officers in the Royal Air Force agree that the base is useless, particularly for operations in the Persian Gulf, if the labor force is hostile. The Army, however, thinks it can quell disturbances by "arresting a few ringleaders," and is happy about having been able to recapture Northwest Frontier training conditions.

At Aden the Tories have launched a political plan that suits the absolute rulers of the tribal hinterland, but which appalls most of the sophisticated Arabs of Aden colony. The latter, who had thought themselves some way up the ladder to local self-government, have since January, 1963, found themselves bundled into a large South Arabian Federation in which the majority voice is that of archaic and arbitrary sheikhs and sultans. Under an arrangement that seems satisfactory only to old-colonial minds, a large Arab federation is being groomed for independence, but in the most adult corner of it, which is Aden Colony, an enclave is to be British soil forever. In language that belongs to the 19th Century, Britain may "exclude or withdraw at any time from the Federation any area or areas within Aden if it considers this desirable for the purpose of its worldwide defense responsibilities."

While no Arab nationalist can tolerate this notion, there are many Arab nationalists in Aden who would settle for some more dignified arrangement for a foreign base; hard-headed labor unions would be glad to retain the annual $30.8 million at present earned from this source. The Aden labor movement wants neither Nasser-type socialism, nor control from Yemen. Surely the target ought to be (as Britain's Labour leaders seem to recognize) some plan that the Adenis find superior to both those choices.

Cars and Smog

Automobile exhaust fumes contribute so much to the deadly smogs of Southern California that the state legislature has required car manufacturers to equip their 1966 models with control devices. The carbon monoxide, nitrogen oxides and hydrocarbons spewed out by exhaust pipes account for 80 percent of Los Angeles' dense smog. Fumes from cars are also a major contributor to air pollution in many other cities. This is becoming a major health problem throughout the nation because there is considerable evidence that polluted air leads to an increase in respiratory diseases.

For some reason, American manufacturers always have designed their engines so that about 15 percent of the fuel is wasted. Such inefficient combustion increases exhaust fumes. There would be little technical difficulty in building a more efficient engine, but it probably would cost more, which may be why the Automobile Manufacturers Association is dragging its feet. The industry will control fumes on models sold in California, but sufferers elsewhere will have to wait either until each state passes a law or until a federal law is enacted. Senator Muskie will be holding hearings on this matter shortly. Perhaps he will be able to convince the automobile industry that it would make more sense to make their California modifications applicable in all states.

Poverty in the House

Democrats on the House Education and Labor Committee have made the happy discovery that welfare and education programs are like dam projects: If you put enough of them together, self-interest may get them all through Congress. Their version of the President's poverty bill, approved on May 26 and reported out of committee on June 3, prompts this observation. Far from cutting programs out of the already-crowded bill, as some had expected, they grafted on three more which by themselves would have drooped and died. The committee bill now authorizes, in addition to the Johnson proposals, a four-step program to aid migratory farm workers, basic education for illiterate adults, and a survey of the nation's plants and soils, which has no conceivable connection with welfare or education except that the enrollees in the federal Job Corps would assist in the survey. The botanical survey was added to win the votes of a handful of Republicans who are not on the committee. It may be the only example, however, of an attempt to court GOP votes. Minority efforts to amend the bill were, with only a few exceptions, rejected unanimously by the Democrats, and the bill was approved by a straight party-line vote. Republicans may come aboard if they choose, but there has been little attempt to accommodate them.

Before entrusting the poverty bill to drafting sessions in the full committee, the Democratic members of Education and Labor held two weeks of caucuses to develop their line on amendments. Republicans appeared discomfited. They tried to split the Democratic coalition by injecting civil rights questions. Sargent Shriver was dubbed the "would-be Poverty Czar." Representatives David T. Martin (R, Neb.) and M. G. Snyder (R, Ky.) traveled to Alabama to interview poor Negro tenants on Mrs. Johnson's property. And the GOP members

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of the committee, looking for sympathy as an oppressed minority, held a sit-in before the door of the Democrats' caucus one afternoon with a sign that begged Chairman Adam Clayton Powell, "Open the door, Adam."

In the end, the committee deleted only one Administration proposal. This would have provided loans, of up to $10,000 per person employed, to businesses which hired long-term unemployed workers. The committee also opened up the federal Job Corps for school dropouts to girls and liberalized the section dealing with federal aid to community anti-poverty programs by permitting aid to isolated organizations which were trying to eliminate a cause of poverty in a community even if a community-wide program did not exist or was not being developed.

The only problem which temporarily threatened a split in the Democratic forces – federal aid to private schools – was skirted. The Administration bill would have given federal funds to public schools for educational programs open to both private and public school students. But Representative Hugh L. Carey (D, N.Y.) raised the old question of aid to parochial schools which in the past has doomed bills for general federal aid to primary and secondary education. Carey said private schools should be eligible for aid if they were cooperating in a community action program, for instance, by lending their facilities for supplementary classes like remedial reading, or by keeping their playgrounds open and attended at night. In the end, the Democratic caucus and the committee agreed with Carey that funds could go to private schools, but limited them to special non-curricular programs open to all children in a neighborhood.

The committee showed some nervousness over the broad powers it was granting to the Office of Economic Opportunity, established under the bill to oversee the War on Poverty. It required the director to use existing agencies and programs whenever possible rather than set up his own, and it barred him from interfering with the curricula of state, local and private schools and colleges.

But all these are relatively minor changes, and if nothing more important is changed on the floor, the Administration will have won a smashing victory in the House. Reportedly, the Rules Committee will not be an obstacle, although it had held up an adult basic education measure almost identical with the one added by the committee, and the bill should reach the House floor without major injury. "I certainly hope it does," one Democratic member comments, illustrating the rediscovery of welfare as political pork, "it'll make a great campaign slogan."

"Will You Love Me in December Like You Do in May?"

I Spy, You Spy, It's Alright

Technology has produced an East-West agreement that has never been formally ratified, or even acknowledged. Without any negotiation, the US and USSR have reached a tacit understanding that each will permit the other to conduct aerial reconnaissance over its homeland, providing such surveillance is carried out from satellites in space. "I can show you photos of your military bases taken from outer space," Khrushchev told former Senator William Benton two weeks ago. "I will show them to President Johnson if he wishes."

Nine years ago at a four-power Geneva summit conference, the Russians sharply rejected President Eisenhower's "open skies" proposal under which each country would permit the other to conduct aerial reconnaissance missions over its own homeland to assure against surprise attack. That the Soviet Union still rejects reconnaissance by aircraft, but now accepts reconnaissance by satellite, is shown by Khrushchev's statement to Benton that US aircraft photo missions over Cuba are unnecessary because the same informa-

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tion can be obtained just as efficiently by satellites.

For at least three years, US reconnaissance satellites, known by the code name Samos, have been traversing and photographing military installations and targets in the Soviet Union and Red China. During 1963, the Air Force launched more than 20 such satellites into orbit. Photos taken by Samos are radioed to earth, like a TV picture, or returned in a small capsule which pops a parachute upon entering the atmosphere and is snatched as it floats down to earth by specially-equipped aircraft flown by sharp-eyed pilots.

Samos satellite pictures in 1961-62 provided the first positive evidence that the Soviets had not capitalized on their early ICBM missile lead and that we had forged ahead in producing and deploying such missiles. It was about this time that the Kennedy Administration clamped tighter security on the Samos program, but its existence had earlier been mentioned in Congressional testimony. It was no secret to the Russians. For example, in attempts to reach international space agreements at the United Nations, Soviet representatives frequently raised the subject of our "spy satellites." Their open literature, such as the book *Military Strategy* published early in 1963, mentioned Samos and its function.

Because of the Russian obsession with secrecy and the shooting down of Gary Powers and his U-2 in 1960, some US officials have been apprehensive that the Soviets might knock down a Samos satellite, or try to capture it in space and return it to earth, to create another incident. The anti-ICBM missile which the Soviets are developing, while probably not effective against a mass attack, should be able to destroy a single unarmed satellite without much difficulty. But this has never happened.

Instead, in March, 1962, the Soviets launched a new series of satellites, referred to as "scientific" and identified by the new name of "Cosmos." The Russians occasionally said Cosmos was intended to measure space radiation, but the satellites were all placed in orbit at altitudes far below the Van Allen radiation belts. In fact, the altitude of these satellites, of which the Soviets have now launched 30, usually is around 125-150 miles – the same altitude at which Samos operates.

Most of these Cosmos satellites remained in orbit for a few days and then appeared to re-enter under command rather than as a result of natural atmospheric drag, suggesting the Russians were recovering reconnaissance photos in much the same way as we do with some of our Samos.

A year ago, Khrushchev was reported as having told Belgian Foreign Minister Paul Henri Spaak, during an interview, that he had photos taken by Soviet reconnaissance satellites.

There have been other hints. When American and Russian representatives sat down last fall at the UN to consider a mutual declaration to ban weapons of mass destruction from space, the Russians at first insisted on including reconnaissance from space. Suddenly, it was no longer an issue of consequence.

During the past 12 months there have been several instances where Soviet long-range patrol aircraft appeared in the vicinity of our aircraft carriers in the Pacific, suggesting that the Russians had rather precise information on the location of these ships – information which normally is closely held.

So Khrushchev's recent disclosure to Benton comes as no surprise, and since the Soviet Premier was the first to boast publicly of satellite reconnaissance, he will find it hard to challenge similar US activities or to enlist international support for hostile action against our satellites. It is ironic that the space age which the Soviets launched with Sputnik I should have so quickly led to the ripping apart of their cherished curtain of secrecy.

One may wonder why the Russians should need to go to the expense and trouble of deploying reconnaissance satellites, since the US makes little effort to hide the location of its missile sites, air bases and most other strategic targets. Perhaps the Russians suspected that we were exaggerating our military might. Undoubtedly, too, their military men are anxious to know the disposition of our aircraft carriers, strategic bombers and other mobile targets.

There is some indication that the reconnaissance satellite, both ours and theirs, has already played an important role in stabilizing relations. For four years, starting with the Suez crisis, Khrushchev was prone to rattle his ICBMs, warning that he had hundreds of such weapons on the launching pads. He has been much more subdued lately, for his own reconnaissance satellites have shown him that the US has many hundred ICBMs installed in underground silos, with additional missiles going into place every week. And he knows too that US satellites have shown that the Russians have, so far, installed far fewer missiles.

It is interesting to note that the Soviets launched a Cosmos satellite on October 17, 1962, and recovered it four days later, during the hottest moments of the Cuban crisis. Perhaps its purpose was to see whether the US was, as it claimed, mustering its military might. Such photographs must have shown a beehive of activity at our military bases and in the waters around Cuba.

Khrushchev's suggestion that the US could dispense with its aircraft reconnaissance of Cuba and depend instead upon satellites has some merit. Although the precise identification of targets from an altitude of 125 miles can never be as good as from an altitude of 12 miles, it should still be adequate to detect any return of Soviet missiles to Cuba. RAYMOND D. SENTER

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Mergers and Monopolies

A Supreme Court ruling last April 6, in the *Lexington Bank* case, may well be the most important antitrust decision in the last several years. It could mean serious trouble for many of the country's largest and best-known firms, and even lead to the dismemberment of such corporate Gargantua as US Steel and General Motors. Last week, in a 6-3 judgment written by Justice William O. Douglas, the Court reinforced this possibility. It ordered the Aluminum Company of America to divest itself of a small company that Alcoa acquired in 1959. The large companies in any field are apparently not to be permitted to expand further by acquiring even very small companies.

The facts of the *Lexington Bank* case are not complex. On March 1, 1961, the First National Bank & Trust Company of Lexington, Kentucky, consolidated with a competing bank, the Security Trust Company. Together the two accounted for slightly over half the total assets, deposits and loans of all the commercial banks in Kentucky's Fayette County. Promptly the Department of Justice filed suit, complaining that the amalgamation of the two banks amounted to a combination in restraint of trade and was in violation of the Sherman Act, the basic federal antitrust statute.

Following dismissal of the complaint by the District Court, the case was taken on appeal and seven members of the Supreme Court found that the consolidation of the two Lexington banks did constitute a clear antitrust violation. That, in itself, is worth noting for it offers additional evidence of the present Court's insistence on rigorous interpretation and application of the antitrust laws – an attitude not shared by many, probably most, of the lesser federal courts. What is more significant, though, is the basis upon which five members of the Court were willing to rest their finding. In an expression in which he was joined by Justices Black, Clark, Goldberg and Chief Justice Warren (but not by White or Brennan, who reached the same result in another way), Justice Douglas concluded that merely by the amalgamation of the two Lexington banks significant competition was eliminated. And that, without more, in his view meant that the Sherman Act had been violated. In taking this forthright position the five-member majority based their judgment on four cases involving combinations of railroads decided by the Court between 1904 and 1922. Many antitrust analysts had long since come to regard these decisions as antiquated, representing, as Justice Harlan said in his dissent to the *Lexington Bank* ruling, "a discarded theory of antitrust law." For such an assessment there was some authority in the Court's own opinions. In its 1948 *Columbia Steel* ruling the Court, in a 5-4 decision with Douglas then in sharp dissent, had said the railroad cases furnished "little guidance."

After waiting 16 years, Douglas at last appears to have won his battle. In his *Lexington Bank* opinion he concludes that "where merging companies are major competitive factors in a relevant market, the elimination of significant competition between them, by merger, itself constitutes a violation" of the law. Neither the fact that in consummating their merger the participants were motivated purely by legitimate business considerations, nor the fact that after the merger they confronted the competition of other firms, is relevant. Naturally it will take a while for the courts to indicate at what point firms become "major competitive factors," but if the Court's 1963 *Philadelphia National Bank* decision is to offer any guidance it would seem that they are big enough where the share of the market accounted for by the combining companies is 30 percent or more.

The prospective effect of the *Lexington Bank* case on contemplated mergers is obvious, but where it can have its greatest economic impact is with respect to past mergers. The United States Steel Corporation affords the outstanding illustration, for at the time of its formation in 1901 it was nothing but a combination of competing steel companies then making up well over half the market for steel production. Although in 1920 the Supreme Court absolved US Steel of any antitrust wrongdoing, actually all the Court found on that occasion (in a 4-3 opinion) was that the company had not gained a monopoly. Perhaps that was true. But as the early railroad cases indicated and as the Court has now affirmed by the *Lexington Bank* ruling, a merger need not confer on the combined firm a monopoly for it to be deemed illegal. All it must do is bring together firms that are "major competitive factors" in a relevant market. Of course, to reach US Steel or other firms whose history reveals mergers of competitive firms (General Motors acquired nearly a hundred companies between 1908 and 1951), it would be necessary to deal with consolidations effected years ago. But as the decision in the 1957 *General Motors-du Pont* case makes clear, this is not a legal hurdle of any real magnitude. Whether completed one year or 60 years ago, a merger that at the time eliminated competition between significant market factors amounts to a continuing violation of the law. The *Lexington Bank* case thus may have restored a potent tool with which the government can restructure and shrink many of the nation's dominant firms, whose size far exceeds the scale required to take advantage of modern technology and which wield a power over prices inconsistent with the public interest.

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Whose Republican Party?

The most obvious consequence of Barry Goldwater's razor-edge victory in California is that the fight between conservatives and progressives will be carried to the Convention floor. And by comparison, the conventions which nominated Willkie in 1940 and Eisenhower in 1952 will resemble church picnics.

In reality, the 1964 battle is a continuation of the war which began with Willkie's nomination. As one who accepted much of the New Deal and vigorously argued for all-out aid to the Allies, Willkie was the first of four progressives since 1940 to receive his party's nomination. (By 1944, Dewey had recanted on much of his former isolationism and reactionary economic views; in 1952, Eisenhower was clearly the favorite of the party's liberal wing; and in 1960, Nixon's willingness to go along with Rockefeller on the party platform made him acceptable to the progressives.) But the fact that Republican Convention delegates have chosen moderates as Presidential nominees should not obscure the depth of the conflict which has plagued the party.

Unlike the conservatives, progressive Republicans in the tradition of Willkie do not offer drastic alternatives to national Democrats. Both Harry Truman and Barry Goldwater agree that recent Republican candidates have a habit of "me-tooing." But if a majority of Americans in general, and Republicans in particular, are in fact "moderates" and not in agreement with Senator Goldwater on the issues, why does he have such a dedicated following? And what courses of action are open to the progressive Republican coalition which attempted in California but failed to block Goldwater?

I have watched Goldwater in a variety of circumstances. He generates warmth, sincerity, dedication and political virility. More important in understanding the Goldwater phenomenon is to recall the state of the conservative wing in the mid 1950's. At that time there was a vacuum of conservative leadership resulting from the deaths of Senators Taft and McCarthy. Goldwater stepped into the void. He was eminently more acceptable than McCarthy, and had more zip than Taft. It was only a matter of time before conservative Republicans adopted him for their leader. (And part of his charm was that until January of this year, he gave every indication of aspiring to no office beyond that of United States Senator.)

Many conservative Republicans would like to have had him as the party's nominee in 1960. But he then lacked the personal organization, money and desire to fight for a job that Nixon had assiduously sought for nearly eight years. Nixon's acceptance of the Rockefeller position on the 1960 platform and the closeness of the Kennedy victory, however, provided conservatives with the argument they needed to push Goldwater in 1964. The conservatives, they argued, had not had a Presidential candidate of their own for more than 30 years (though most Republican leaders in this period were conservative); there seemed some possibility of fracturing the solid Democratic South with Goldwater; Nixon appeared to be eliminated after his debacle in California; Rockefeller's divorce and remarriage damaged his chances for the nomination; Goldwater had political charm.

But Goldwater's performance in primaries prior to California was lacklustre. He had done well in winning delegates, but the polls continued to show that at least two Republicans, Lodge and Nixon, would be better against Johnson than he. Yet it was only after Goldwater's poor showing in Oregon that the moderates began to rally.

The fact that progressive leaders were unsuccessful in California attempts to derail Goldwater may be explained in terms of their coolness toward Rockefeller's candidacy. Several examples serve to illustrate the point. General Eisenhower's statement in the *Herald-Tribune* only indicated that he wanted a "moderate" candidate. The Lodge forces, though they collaborated with the Rockefeller organization, made it quite clear that they still were for the Ambassador. A committee of responsible Republicans urged people to vote for the Rockefeller slate of delegates, but did not commit themselves to the New York Governor. And Nixon and Scranton headquarters vigorously denied that they were parties to any stop-Goldwater movement. It proved a shaky foundation upon which to build a progressive (Rockefeller) majority.

The caution of the moderates was fostered by a myth which grew up after President Kennedy's assassination. Simply stated, it was the belief that it would be in the party's best interests to offer a sacrificial lamb this year. The nomination would not be worth much; Johnson would win in a breeze.

To those who take a longer range view of American politics, this line of reasoning appeared painfully absurd from the start. The American experience demonstrates that there are no sure winners in Presidential politics. Lincoln in 1860, Hayes in 1876, Wilson in 1912, and Truman in 1948, were all elected in the face of numerous predictions to the contrary. Although it is hard now to visualize a set of circumstances which could put a Republican in the White House next November, the 1964 Presidential race could result in another in the long line of political surprises.

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But there is a more compelling reason for all Republicans, conservative and progressive, to fight for the nomination of their candidate. Party control is at stake, and the Goldwater people seem to appreciate that point more than others. The failure of the progressives to coalesce sufficiently to defeat Goldwater in California means that their job at the convention has been made all the more difficult.

The progressives may decide to forego the nomination and to concentrate on securing a face-saving platform in keeping with ones that have been written since 1943. A maneuver of this type would probably result in failure. Once the moderates sense that they cannot nominate one of their kind, Goldwater forces will undoubtedly become bolder and demand a platform that matches their candidate. If conservatives get both their candidate and platform, liberal Republicans, like Keating, Scott, Javits, Case and Kuchel, will be placed in an untenable position. They will have only three alternatives open to them: leave the party; stay in and repudiate the candidate and the platform; or sit the election out. If they choose either of the first two options, there will be a temporary resolution of the progressive-conservative dichotomy. But rebellion of that kind could also mean that the party would become a semi-permanent minority. For without the active collaboration of the progressives concentrated mostly in the large urban states, the GOP would have little hope of winning the Presidency this or any year, or of retaining its Congressional, state and local strength in populous areas of the country.

If, on the other hand, the progressives *publicly* and quickly unite behind someone other than Rockefeller (Lodge, Nixon, or Scranton) they just may be able to force Goldwater to accept a moderate platform. This strategy probably would not win them the nomination, but it would give them something with which to bargain. With a moderate platform, the progressives could stay in the party by emphasizing policy over personality. Goldwater could, of course, take the initiative and forestall an open breach between progressives and conservatives by letting it be known quietly that he would accept a moderate platform. In this way, and if his more fanatical followers would let him, he could become, in the words of Senator Javits, "responsive to the mainstream of Republicanism."

Regardless of what happens in San Francisco, the Republican split will persist. The California primary serves only to make it more troublesome. It is the central reality of Republicanism.

CONRAD JOYNER

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It's Nearly All White in the South

Atlanta

The peculiar behavior of politics in Georgia this Presidential year is a sample of what is happening over all the South. The Goldwater take-over of the Republican state convention in early May cut back the initial growth of a two-party system in a state that badly needed it. The Goldwater people moved in with strength, under a Georgia law which allows any registered voter to participate in any party convention. They included long-dormant Taft Republicans, and racists and rightists of various persuasions. A party veteran said at the convention in DeKalb in suburban Atlanta: "I've never seen so many strangers in my life."

Leading these strangers, and emerging in the state convention as a new national committeeman, was Roscoe Pickett, a mountain-county Republican who had moved to town. Pickett was one of the leaders of the Georgia Taft delegation to the 1952 convention which lost out in a highly-publicized seating battle said at the time to have assured the nomination of Eisenhower. The moderates of the party had been in control ever since, and had hoped to contain the Goldwater people at the state convention. But one of the moderates, state chairman James Dorsey, was the first to go at the state convention. He was voted out as temporary chairman, and about all that the moderates salvaged from the convention was control of the Fulton County (Atlanta) organization: but much of the ground of this organization was cut from under it by a punch, delivered by the new Goldwater leadership to the not inconsiderable Negro vote of Atlanta and Georgia.

For the first time in recent history, Negroes were excluded from leadership posts, including membership in the national convention delegation. The new state chairman, Joe Tribble of Savannah, said this was because Negroes hadn't seen fit to support Goldwater. When the calamitous political implications were suggested to him, he said enough white voters would come in behind Barry Goldwater to offset the loss of Negro votes to the Democrats.

No one now doubts that the Negro vote is lost to the Republicans in the Presidential race, even if a "moderate" is nominated. This includes the Atlanta Negro vote of 60,000, which hitherto had been faithful to the notion that a vote for a Democrat was a vote for the party of Eastland, Talmadge and Russell – even the phone call by the late John F. Kennedy to Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr. of Atlanta could not prevent that city from going to the Republicans in 1960 by 56 percent.

The hopes of such a Republican as Atlanta Alderman

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Rodney Cook are dimmed. Before the convention, Cook, with a local record that caused him and his family to undergo an ordeal of hate calls from racists and liquor racketeers, had what looked like a good chance against Democratic Congressman Charles Weltner, who voted against the civil rights bill. Cook doesn't know now whether he will even run.

Cook, Alderman Richard Freeman and State Senator Dan MacIntyre tried to disavow the new Republican leadership. "Tribble and Pickett will find there is a great difference between getting 400 delegates to a convention, and carrying the state in a general election," they said. Freeman said the Goldwater move had destroyed, "at least temporarily," the effort to build a second party in Georgia from the grass roots. "Anybody who is a Republican is now stigmatized as a racist, a segregationist and a fanatic, and I resent it. . . . The irony is that they have sacrificed Atlanta to gain the rest of the state, and people out there are not going to vote for a Republican. We've lost the only chance we had in the South, the urban areas, and we can't get the rural vote. . . ."

Whilst the Republicans turned lily-white, the Democrats were considered certain to include Negroes in their delegation to the national convention. They have already named two – Assistant Traffic Judge A. T. Walden and State Senator Leroy Johnson, both of Atlanta – to the Democratic executive committee. Senator Herman Talmadge took time out from fighting the civil rights bill to address a Negro organization, the Georgia Teachers and Education Association, in Atlanta. The association has 11,000 members. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People objects to Talmadge and picketed the meeting, but 2,000 of the 4,000 delegates showed up. They cheered as the son of white supremacist Gene Talmadge told them that a basic right of the American people is "that every person be afforded the opportunity to achieve whatever he wants, to the best of his ability"; and they crowded the stage afterward, to get his autograph. Yet Herman Talmadge once threatened, as Governor of Georgia, to destroy the public schools rather than see them integrated. Talmadge's appearance before the Negro teachers is only part of his new look – he has had Negro politicians like State Senator Johnson visit him at his farm in Lovejoy. Senator Talmadge's colleague, Richard B. Russell, shows little awareness of change, and warns against "mongrelization" in his civil rights filibuster. But young Governor Carl Sanders presided at the formation of the Fulton County Democratic Party, a biracial organization with Negroes on every committee. Georgians have recently turned out to cheer President Johnson, Senator Ted Kennedy and Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. The President told the cheering Georgia legislature: "Justice means justice among the races. . . . In your search for justice, you have a sure and faithful guide – the Constitution of the United States. Georgians helped write that Constitution. . . ."

Mixer

Senator Ted Kennedy blasted Goldwater at the University of Georgia and was almost mobbed by an audience of 4,000 wanting to shake his hand. Robert Kennedy, speaking at West Georgia College, received an ovation when he said that Negroes are entitled to federal protection in Mississippi and Alabama.

It seems apparent that, other than the ones from Kentucky, not a single Negro from the Southern states will be among the delegates to the Republican convention. A Goldwater take-over in Tennessee made the party lily-white for the first time since Reconstruction. But Tennessee Democrats meanwhile named Negro delegates to the nominating convention for the first time, and North Carolina Democrats did the same. The Negro vote in the South has passed the two-million mark, and continues to grow. Virginia, Florida and Tennessee went Republican in 1960, but Democrats in Congressional races are expected to gain four or five Southern seats this year. The Goldwater movement in the South has helped President Johnson and damaged the chances of a two-party balance.

PAT WATTERS

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OSWALD

May We Have Some Facts, Please?

by Murray Kempton

The Warren Commission began June in the prayerful but barely confident hope that this will be the last month of six through which it has searched for a definitive judgment on the murder of President Kennedy.

Commission Counsel Lee Rankin still had a long enough list of unheard witnesses to expect that he would need close to two weeks for its disposal. There would remain the examination of 12,000 pages of testimony, the assessment of a mass of physical evidence, and then the final draft and the discussion and the approval of its report. On June 1, the Warren Commission sat as a court which had neither examined all its witnesses nor commenced its final arguments. Such a moment, so near the moment of decision, is peculiarly one when we can demand of a court that its mind move upon silence.

And so, that June 1 on the front page of *The New York Times*, there appeared this headline: "PANEL TO REJECT THEORIES OF PLOT IN KENNEDY DEATH. Warren Inquiry Is Expected to Dispel Doubts in Europe That Oswald Acted Alone."

This banner described a report composed by Anthony Lewis, the *Times*' specialist in the processes of federal justice.

"The commission's report," Lewis wrote, "is expected, in short, to support the original belief of law enforcement authorities in this country that the President was killed by one man acting alone, Lee H. Oswald." The commission, he went on, is troubled by those speculations, general in Europe if infrequent here, that Oswald could not have acted alone and that Mr. Kennedy was the victim and Oswald the pawn of a conspiracy.

"A *spokesman* [italics added] for the commission said that none of these critical works, foreign or domestic, had come up with any new factual information. He said the commission had found 'just a rehash of the same material. The same questions and each man's conclusions'.

"The commission *spokesman* expressed the conviction that its report, when issued, would completely explode the theories published [abroad]. He said that not even the authors of these theories would stand by them.

" 'We'll knock them out of those positions', he said."

What we know about Anthony Lewis' own discretion gives us the right to pronounce the harshest judgment possible on the discretion and fairness of the official who uttered the statements he quotes. Lewis has a reputation for care and honor special even for the *Times*. That honor would not permit him to use the word "spokesman" except to describe a source both official and prepared to speak for the entire body he serves. The vulgar and aggressive tone of these statements must be taken then as an official voice of the Warren Commission; and it is the voice of a court which has not yet finished hearing the case.

This spokesman tells Mr. Lewis that there were just three shots fired upon Mr. Kennedy and that all "unquestionably" came from the Texas School Book Depository. He does not, of course, feel that he has yet the liberty – or, more seriously, seem to recognize the necessity – of giving any of us the hard-and-fast medical and ballistic evidence which we must have to decide whether these are statements of fact or mere assertions. No declaration, however official, which is unaccompanied by the release of tangible, relevant evidence, could serve to allay the doubts of Europe. The character and the tone of this particular performance can, in fact, do nothing better for our country than to arouse the distrust of those great numbers of us who until now, have held to their faith in Mr. Justice Warren and in that system of equity he has so delicately and bravely represented for the last 10 years.

The Warren Commission has come to the moment of decision, and now the only voice we hear from it takes us back to Lord Jeffreys, so exacerbated by the mere sight of a defense, that he cannot endure the formal processes of its trial before shouting it down from the bench. That posture in this case could hardly spring from the inner nature of Mr. Lewis' "spokesman"; it comes from the outside and from a peculiarly distorted vision of the commission's charge.

The Warren Commission began with the serious handicap of a conception that its duties included a cos-

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metic job on the American image. Its assignment was not just to find out the truth about a terrible tangle of events but also – one fears even primarily – to reassure and unite America and to reassure and quiet down Europe. This aspiration reflected itself in the composition of the commission. It cannot be said that every American trusts every member of the commission; but certainly every member happens to be trusted by someone or other whose good opinion is worth having. Senator Russell is trusted by Senator Eastland among others; Congressman Boggs is trusted by President Johnson among others; Congressman Ford is trusted by the more curious and serious members of the House; Senator Cooper is trusted, among many others, by the more socially responsible of the well-brought-up; Chief Justice Warren is trusted by those who have learned to depend on him as their protector against the oppressions of irresponsible agents of the state; and former CIA director Allen Dulles is trusted by those who revere agencies of the state to the very extent that their functions are secret and beyond any control except that provided by their own inestimable, because classified, good sense.

How Little We Know

John J. McCloy is particularly trusted in Europe. There have, in fact, been intimations in recent weeks that, when the Warren Commission reaches its decision, Mr. McCloy may be asked to tour the continent explaining its report to skeptics. That would be an extraordinary anticipation of the opinion and a strange projection of the future service of a judge who could hardly yet have made up his mind. But then every member of the commission seems at once a man of notable personal integrity with a history of being ready to render any sacrifice his country, that is his government, may ask of him. These are admirable qualities by themselves; they do not always abide comfortably together. For 20 years now, our government has been competing with the Soviets, now over which shall be the most trusted and now over which shall be the most feared around the world. The latter, harsher side of this engagement was the commitment of Allen Dulles' career in government; we take nothing away from his private integrity when we say that the Soviets could hardly have respected the CIA if its director had not been a man ready to lie for reasons of state. The gentler side has been the export of the American image; and that has made salesmanship a prime function of the patriot, and conditioned government through most of the fifties to think not of how America was but how it looked. And so that government would watch indifferent when thousands of its own citizens were insulted in public places because they were Negroes and then would rise in mechanical outrage whenever the same thing was done for the same reason to the secretary of an African legation.

The sin was not the flesh of the injustice but the paper. It was a dreadful standard, and its spirit survives intact to shame us in the voice of a spokesman for the Warren Commission who, at the one moment above all others when he should be sitting alone and turning in his private mind the terrible personal judgment he has been appointed to make for all of us, instead cares only to cry out in a public place his complaints about and his promise next month to crush the opinions of irrelevant and alien strangers.

All that I have said to this point has talked about the Warren Commission as though it were a court and about its members as though they were judges. That, of course, may not have been the notion behind their appointment; the commission may have been conceived as nothing more than a transient instrument to promote foreign relations and to insure domestic tranquillity. But, if it was politics that put them there, it is history which holds these men now, because they are all the servants it has. They sit under the claim of history and of all we owe the memory of John F. Kennedy and, let us not forget, the ghost of Lee Oswald. If the burden of service to all these things does not demand from these men the conduct we expect from a court of law, then just where is the court of law whose functions are so much more consequential than theirs as to demand a dignity, a decorum and a detachment that we do not expect from them?

For one thing, the Warren Commission must be all the inquest we can ever have on the murder of Mr. Kennedy, a person whose loss is a wound unhealed. We forget how little we know about his death.

We do not yet know – without a medical finding we have only allegations from what direction Mr. Kennedy was shot, or with what sort of bullet, or in precisely which parts of his body or even how many times. We do not know these things because, for six months, the Warren Commission has kept the direct physical evidence secret. It is hard to understand why this is necessary; still most of us take the necessity on faith because most of us trust the commission, although that faith might be stronger than it was in the beginning if members of the commission had not so consistently breached decorum in discussing the evidence it withholds.

The pattern has been to say what this evidence shows without ever showing the evidence. The commission's spokesman tells Anthony Lewis, how many shots were fired and where two of them landed without offering the medical report upon which I certainly hope and would like to believe any statement from an official source would be based. Another commission source tells the *New York Herald-Tribune* that "FBI specialists

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on hairs and fibers have told the panel that scientific deductions point to Oswald as the gunman."

Dulles is the most open occasional source of morsels from the classified file. Since he has retired, Dulles is the only member of the commission who does not have near-full-time employment elsewhere, and, as the member with the steadiest attendance record at the commission hearings, seems to have acquired some sense of a host's duty to the reporters condemned to wait outside. Dulles observed one afternoon that the commission had just learned that the putative murder rifle had upon it "the finger prints of Lee Oswald, *among others*." It is a problem with this case that, when a commission source offers this sort of canape of information, he so often raises more questions than he settles. Who, to take a case, are these "others" whose finger prints show up on Oswald's rifle?

These fragmentary revelations seem to have come out of no impulse higher than occasional annoyance at skeptics. There is something uncomfortably petty about a man who locks up a document and then complains about the ignorance of another man because he hasn't read it. And it is hard to have confidence in a commission which has a spokesman who is so irresponsible as to leak his version of classified material on no better excuse than to show the irresponsibility of an outsider.

The trivial nature of this performance would be less damaging to the commission if it did not take place in an atmosphere where the most detached and conscientious observer can hardly find one other direct source for the slightest coherent public record of some of the most critical events of the day Mr. Kennedy was killed. What do we really know about Lee Oswald's movements in his errant progress across Dallas?

The Commission's Duty

There seems, for example, to exist in print nowhere a direct quotation from a witness who saw Oswald arrested in the movie theater. The police said there were 20 persons in the audience, and they were unusual persons indeed if not one of them rushed to the *Dallas News* with his memory of this historic moment. We may assume in fairness that the FBI swore every witness to silence pending his appearance before the commission; it is a sound rule that the more a witness relates his experiences to reporters, the less useful he is to courts of inquiry. But that rule would seem all the more to place upon the commission the restraint of issuing all the case testimony about Oswald or gossiping about none at all.

For what we really know of official police findings so far is the extraordinary exposition District Attorney Henry Wade delivered of the case against Oswald a few hours after Jack Ruby killed him. The flavor of hard fact in the police case is conveyed by Wade's answer to the reporter who asked him if Oswald was in front of his boarding house when he "shot" officer J. D. Tippett.

"No," Wade answered, "it's not in front of the boarding house. I don't have it exact. It's more than a block." The District Attorney of Dallas was prepared to arraign a man for a murder whose precise location he had not bothered to find out. After that, one of the Warren Commission's assignments would be to raise the police work on a crime likely to touch more of us than any in our life time to the level prevailing in an ordinary slum murder in New York.

But police work is not the commission's largest responsibility. It and it alone among official bodies might have healed a violated public order. The ghost of Lee Oswald represents one violation of the public order – not only because he was murdered while in custody, but because he was convicted by the Dallas police before he had even been arraigned. That is not the smallest among the wounds we had a right to expect the Warren Commission to mend. And now a spokesman for the commission has been quoted in *The New York Times* as convicting Lee Oswald before its decision is written. And we have not even the small consolation we had in the case of Henry Wade. We cannot declare that this thing was licensed by a man alien to us. Mr. Lewis' spokesman represented himself as licensed to do what he did by the Chief Justice of the United States; and those of us who had hoped that here at last we could witness the restoration of the dignity and tradition of the great republic must now see that the main result of this process so far has been to bring down the dignity of, among all persons, Chief Justice Warren.

The report of the commission is still to come, and when it does, we shall have for the first time at our disposal the material upon which we can approach some judgment on what happened in Dallas. But the prelude to that report, I am sorry to say, in no way suggests that Justice Warren's commission can write a report which, by itself, will relieve us of all further thought about this case. There is in me a devil which makes me want Lee Oswald alone to be guilty, because I do not want to think of my country in the image any other explanation at once evokes. That devil, I am afraid, sat at the elbow of Anthony Lewis' source when he displayed his conviction that his duty was not to the public order but to our international image. And so all of us are alone now, and we have to try to read all those 12,000 pages of testimony to come, and remember that this devil will sit always beside us and we have to try not to listen to him and be careful not to neglect any evidence of his presence beside these judges in their courtroom. And from this process we must try alone to come to a judgment each of us trusts.

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Report from Russia

I—*Progress and Setbacks*

by Philip Ben

Progress there is. Revisiting Russia after an absence of three years, one notices those underground passages for pedestrians in Red Square, or on Gorky Street in Leningrad and Sverdlov Square in Kiev. Russian towns were always a pleasure for drivers; now they have become a paradise because of the light traffic and these new and obviously very expensive underground passes. One is surprised, too, by the number of vending machines selling soda pop, bread. In the buses, in the subways, in the streetcars, there are no longer any tickets sold. You don't even need a token for a ride in the Moscow subway; just drop a five-kopek coin and get in. The trouble is that many of the machines are out of order. For instance, the soda pop automatic dispensers are often useless because the glasses into which the liquid pours have disappeared. Or in telephone booths, the machine returns the coin even before one has had time to dial the number. Why? Because the container is full and has not been emptied.

But perhaps the greatest progress is in the appearance of the crowds strolling from the early morning hours until late at night through the Nevski in Leningrad, the Krestchatik in Kiev, or the theater square in Moscow. To be more precise, the look of the girls. Are they Russian? From a distance, it is by no means easy to say. The hairdo seems pure Italian. The pullovers have the shape and the colors which were the fashion only two or three years ago in Paris. Every female below 50 now wears high heels, except of course for the lady bricklayers, the lady cop, or the lady bus driver. Three years ago, high heels were for an evening at the Bolshoi.

Three years ago, too, buttons, needles, textiles, each represented a problem that seemed to be beyond solution for the ordinary Soviet citizen. Today, there are huge shops selling only buttons in every district of big towns in Russia. The textile fabric counters of the department stores are well supplied with cotton, wool and silk goods, though synthetic fibers are represented mostly by old-fashioned and poor quality artificial silks. There are some imported goods – from East Germany, Hungary, India, even Italy. And there is a new look in the shoe shops. In 1961, one was accustomed to seeing people assembling around a counter behind which a sales lady, a pair of shoes in her hand, would shout: "Size 39! Who wants them?" Now the shoes are arranged according to size, though a secretary still has to spend two weeks' salary to buy a pair, since they cost 30 to 40 rubles ($33-$44). And to buy one of those unattractive summer suits (at 80 or 90 rubles), a skilled Soviet worker has to spend a full month's wages.

The earnings of the average Soviet citizen have not changed since 1961, except for a few ridiculously low salaries which have been raised to the still very inadequate level of $44 a month and some very high salaries which have been lowered. A friend of mine, for example, a former colonel, has had his pension reduced from 300 rubles to 150. This freeze on earnings has been accompanied by an almost general freeze of the very high prices of consumer goods. I noted only one major price reduction. The Soviets now make good watches which have been lately reduced in price by 19 percent, which means that a good watch now costs less than one yard of woolen fabric.

One still sees long lines before counters selling shoes or stockings, but at least they are forming inside the shops. At the food stores it is different: In Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev there are immense queues everywhere, outside.

"What is being given here?" I asked an elderly woman heading a long queue one afternoon in Pushkin Street in Moscow ("give" is slang for "sell").

"Nothing yet," the woman replied. "But it seems that in an hour or two they will start giving *manna kroupa* (a kind of oat flakes which is a staple food in the Soviet Union). And with a wry smile, she added: "We haven't seen any since last summer, nor have we seen any rice." There is no shortage of bread in Moscow or Leningrad, though white bread was not available for a few weeks last autumn, thus causing considerable open resentment. "It was this grumbling in Moscow which persuaded our government to buy grain abroad," a middle-aged man with whom I became acquainted at the wine counter of a Moscow store told me. In Kiev, white bread is to be had only in a few

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principal bakeries, and a few times a day, and is immediately sold out. Hundreds of housewives have to choose between returning home empty-handed or buying, again, the standard black bread. The story with sugar is similar. In Moscow, there is no limitation on the supply, but in Leningrad the rule is one kilogram per customer. In Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine and the largest sugar-beet producer in the world, the rule is one-half a kilogram (one pound, two ounces) for each customer. An engineer from Lvov (400 miles from Kiev) said to me: "I came here on official business and was about to return home, but in our town sugar has not appeared in the shops for many weeks, so I decided to remain a day longer. I'll stand in line many times so that each time I can buy a half-kilogram of sugar. If I succeed in bringing 10 kilograms, my wife will bless me. But I also have to bring some butter. We have not seen much butter in the last two years."

One item that I could not find in any store, even in the famous Gum department store in Red Square, is flour, which in a Russian household is even more important than in an American kitchen. Nowadays, if a Moscow housewife wishes to buy flour she must go to the *kolkhoze* market, where peasants sell on their own account whatever there is to sell. Here the current price for one kilogram (two lbs., four ounces) of sugar is two rubles ($2.20), about a day's average wage.

Lemons at 40 Cents Each

Meat, however, is plentiful in the cities, though one hears such remarks as: "Look how small the pigs are, this shows that they can't feed them; we probably won't have any meat in another few months." The grim mood is strengthened by uncertainties about the coming harvest. Climatic conditions in such an immense country vary greatly; in many crucial areas the past winter was again cold with little snow. According to official statements, the spring rains were late in coming in some other areas, including the wheat growing Don.

This gloomy picture of the Soviet food situation would not be complete without mentioning that the only fruits available at present for the inhabitants of Moscow are lemons, 40 cents apiece. Green onions are sold at a few stores, in front of which people line up 50 yards. What fun I made of a young Russian who traveled with me in the huge jet airliner from Kiev to Leningrad who carried a sack of tiny radishes as his only luggage. Later I found that in the "second capital" of the USSR, even these were nowhere to be seen.

Traveling through the Soviet Union in 1961, in the midst of the Berlin crisis with people buying anything they could lay their hands on, I found grave food shortages almost everywhere. Contrasts with 1958, which was the best postwar year Russia has had, then seemed tremendous. But today the situation is even worse than it was three years ago. Is it only because of a bad harvest? Many Russian officials say so. But I must also quote the opinion of a peasant, who at the Kiev *kolkhoze* bazaar tried to explain why he had traveled some 60 miles from his home to sell a barrel of salted cucumbers worth about $10: "I work all year round on our *kolkhoze* fields, but what I get in money and in kind seldom exceeds 30 rubles ($33) a month. I stay in the *kolkhoze* only so that I will not lose my house and my private plot. But I am not very interested in working. Whenever I can take a day off or two I come to town and sell whatever I can spare from my own field, or what I can buy from other peasants. None of my sons or daughters works on the land. They prefer to work in the factory where they make at least 70 to 80 rubles ($77-$88)." I noticed when I was in Moscow that *Izvestia* praised highly the British agricultural exposition now showing there, remarking that British farmers, though representing only one percent of the population, produce enough food to feed two-thirds of the inhabitants of the British Isles. No reader of those lines could fail to reflect that Soviet peasants, who are 50 percent of the population, do not produce enough to satisfy the basic needs of the other half.

To a careful observer, the Soviet Union in the spring of 1964 appears as a land of great poverty. It bears the traces of great economic failure – failure both in industry, which is producing expensive goods of inadequate quality, and often of an obsolete kind, and even more so in agriculture. While one hears considerable talk, wherever one goes, of how much fertilizer, artificial fibers, etc., will be produced in a few years' time, one also sees confirmed everywhere the basic truth that the economic problem is not technical; it is caused by this terrible bureaucratic superstructure. Moreover, there is no reason to believe that this strangling bureaucracy will fade away. To believe that it will is as inconceivable to the Russians as for us to conceive of a fourth dimension. Those professors, American or European, who a few years ago concluded that from now on the Russians should be counted as members of the "affluent society," should be asked to look again.

The sense of economic failure is not the only impression which a visitor takes away from Russia. He drives for hours through the new quarters of the big towns, and though he may not like the style of the housing or the quality of the finishing, he cannot fail to be impressed by the broad new avenues, the large green spaces, the parks, the care with which recreation facilities are being arranged, the school buildings placed so

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PHILIP BEN *has been an astute reporter in Eastern Europe and the USSR. He is a regular contributor to* Le Monde *and* Maariv *of Tel Aviv.*

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as to assure that the children do not have to cross busy streets. Even recognizing that Soviet town planners do not have to bother about land expropriation procedures, do not have to pay high prices to private owners and engage in lengthy wrangling in the courts, one must admire their achievements. And there is more than that. For some time now, Soviet cities have enjoyed a well-earned reputation of being the cleanest in the world. Until recently, this was achieved by turning out a huge army of mostly elderly women onto the streets of Moscow at midnight with buckets and immense brushes. This army has been replaced by sanitation trucks that are busy day and night. And Soviet towns are remarkable not only because of their clean streets. One wears a shirt for two days in Moscow, and it is still clean. The air here is incomparably purer than in New York, Paris or London. The chief architect of Moscow, whom I met at a diplomatic reception, explained the reason. "In Moscow and in many of our other cities, we have altogether eliminated coal as fuel. This switchover was very expensive, but we felt that we must do it."

Work-Study Schools

Many of us have been bothered for years by one question: how is it possible that the Soviet system, which has failed so badly to produce better material conditions for the masses and to create a finer moral atmosphere, is able to educate so many remarkable, intelligent men and women? At international gatherings, and during every visit to Russia, I have observed the rising educational level of the Russians, and I have noticed how often they seem superior intellectually to their counterparts in Western Europe and the United States. During this recent trip, I spent some time in a Kiev high school which is a product of school reform initiated by Khrushchev in 1958. It is a so-called 11th-grade school, consisting only of the 9th, 10th and 11th grades, and is open to the graduates of the "eighth grades" school, which is now the obligatory education throughout the Soviet Union. In this high school, pupils study five days a week, six hours a day, and they work the sixth day either in the school work-shops or – in higher grades – in factories where special shops have been set up for them.

The 11th-grade curriculum is as follows: Russian language and literature – six hours a week; mathematics – five hours; physics, four hours; history, two hours; foreign language, two hours; physical culture, two hours; social science, five hours. This latter, incidentally, is not the same as indoctrination in Marxism-Leninism, which is not taught at high school, although of course all of the teaching from the lowest grades on is deeply colored by it. The rest of the school time is taken up by such subjects as design, music, singing. One of the more interesting features of the school is that the pupils of the higher grade take their physics instruction at the university. "Nowadays," the headmaster explained, "the progress of physics is so swift that we felt that no teacher here could follow it. We decided to entrust this task to university professors."

In the school workshops, pupils are supervised by foremen, factory engineers, and by students of the faculty of physics. But their work in the school and factory shops has also a practical importance: they are supposed to produce useful things, and are even paid wages which represent for them pocket money. The main idea of this new type of school is both to familiarize the pupils with work in factories before they reach the age of university education, and to prepare for a profession those who will not take up higher studies. In this particular school, 114 graduates last year went on to higher studies, while 57 went straight to the factories.

There is still sharp criticism in Russia of the Khrushchev educational reforms. The standard of technical education given in the classrooms and in factories is often described as inadequate. It is said that the reforms have only lowered the general standard of Soviet education. It is also said that special schools reserved for gifted students (especially in mathematics, physics or the arts) are hideouts for sons and daughters of influential parents. And the high schools in which most subjects are taught in a foreign language (mostly English) are described as reserved for those with pull. Yet my observation reinforced the conviction that despite all its shortcomings and ideological distortions, the Soviet school is a good one, and that the Soviets are now producing on the average better educated young men and women than many Western countries. The big question about the Soviet future as I see it after this latest visit, is this: How will these well-educated, serious-minded people, condemned by their political and economic system to live in poverty, behave in five years, or in 10?

This is the first of two articles.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months,
The New Republic will not appear on:

July 18 *August 1*
August 15 *August 29*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 5

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Camus as Journalist

by Jean Daniel

In the summer of 1944, Albert Camus – in collaboration with a group of other French intellectuals – clandestinely founded the newspaper *Combat*. The first lines of the opening editorial have been widely quoted:

> "Today, August 21, the day of our first issue, Paris is at last being liberated. After 50 months of occupation, of struggle, and of sacrifice, and despite the sudden burst of gunfire on an occasional street corner, Paris is being reborn to the feel of freedom. But it would be dangerous to take up our lives once more under the illusion that the freedom to which mankind is entitled is something granted him without effort or suffering on his part. Freedom is to be earned and to be won. . . . We will have accomplished but an infinitesimal part of our task were the French Republic to revert, like the Third Republic, to a narrow dependency on capital wealth."

This anonymous editorial was written by Camus, who had also inspired another article entitled "From Resistance to Revolution," a caption which was also the sub-title of the newspaper itself. It was the most cherished hope of *Combat* that ". . . the youthful face of *greatness* reborn might rise up from the ashes of five years of humiliation." *Combat* had strong convictions: "We believe that any policy which alienates itself from the working class will be ineffectual. . . . We believe that the future of France depends on the future of her laboring class."

Ten days after the founding of *Combat*, Camus' by-line was already appearing on a series of articles discussing the profession of journalism. "The liberated press is not doing a satisfactory job." Why not? "It is seeking to please rather than to enlighten," whereas "a journalist is one who, first of all, is supposed to have ideas; next, his task is to inform the public on events which have just taken place. He is a sort of day-to-day historian whose prime concern is the truth." But first news is not always the best news. It is better to come in second and report the truth than to be first and false. The Resistance press was already gravitating toward all the old clichés: "colorful details," "eye-catching layout."

"The argument in defense of these techniques is all too familiar," Camus wrote. "We are told that this is what the public wants. No, this is not what the public wants. This is what the public has been taught to want over a period of twenty years, which isn't at all the same thing. . . . But if a score of newspapers spew forth the same mediocrity and distortion every day, the public will breathe in this poisoned air and be unable to get along without it. At present, we have a unique opportunity to take the opposite course. . . . Confronted with this opportunity, is it not worthwhile to make some sacrifices in profits and in prestige in order to put forth a daily effort of reflection and scrupulous reporting which will suffice to keep a newspaper's standards at a high level?"

What he meant by this was illustrated every day in *Combat*. First of all there was the page layout, the plainness of which was saved from austerity by the skilled use of titles and type faces: classical but not academic, dignified but full of life. In *Combat*, virtue was by no means boring. The style used was deliberately patterned after the 18th Century moralists. Camus demanded conciseness of expression, a feeling for form, the piercing shaft of wit. Camus often cited the theatrical column of Jacques Lemarchand (today a critic with *Figaro Litteraire*), whose articles he considered models of their kind: an often ironical probity, language totally devoid of obsequious phrases or purple prose, sentences finely honed down in accordance with the science of saying the necessary in precisely the right kind and number of words. Camus had several little catchwords to illustrate his journalistic principles: To define an editorial, he used to say: "One idea, two examples, three pages." Reporting a news item: "Facts, local color, juxtapositions." Concerning an intellectual with little talent for reporting or news writing, whose article he had rejected, he declared that the author suffered from "too much feeling and not enough talent." At *Combat*, under Camus' aegis, the editorial and reporting staff were in perpetual search of the perfect closing line, the most concise way of saying something. Although in flight from rhetoric, *Combat* certainly suffered no literary devaluation: from its very first issue it was one of the best-

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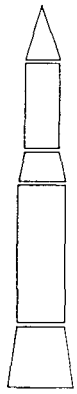
PRIDE AND POWER: THE RATIONALE OF THE SPACE PROGRAM

by Vernon Van Dyke



Here is a timely, provocative analysis of the "why" and "how" of the U. S. space program. It will enable both those involved in the program and the general public to better understand and appraise this monumental effort. The primary focus is on the rationale — reasons, motives, goals — behind the program. Although it is widely regarded as scientific and technological, it also is obviously political — involving both international competition and domestic controversy. $6.50.

BRITISH POLITICS IN THE SUEZ CRISIS

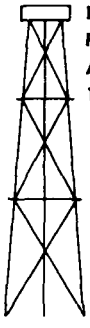
by Leon D. Epstein

This fascinating examination of how the British political system faced, functioned under and endured the strain of the 1956 Suez crisis is an invaluable contribution to understanding modern British politics, and parliamentary and party systems in general. It also provides new insights into the historic Suez incident itself, party discipline, the prime minister's decision-making role, cross pressures bearing on members of Parliament with Jewish backgrounds, etc. $5.00.

THE ORIGINS OF TEAPOT DOME

PROGRESSIVES, PARTIES, AND PETROLEUM, 1909-1921

by J. Leonard Bates



Mention "scandal" and you think of Teapot Dome. This first book revealing its origins finally puts that complex, infamous event in its proper historical perspective. It discloses that what happened after 1920 was in large part the culmination of what had occurred during the previous ten or more years and involved many personalities and problems — conservation, progressivism, politics, and oil. Illustrated. $7.50.

THE FARM BUREAU AND THE NEW DEAL

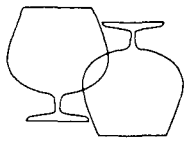
by Christiana McFadyen Campbell

New light is thrown on the making of farm policy during the New Deal years in this fresh examination of the relationship — from honeymoon to divorce — between the Farm Bureau and the Roosevelt administration. "The Campbell account of the growing rift between the Farm Bureau and the USDA is very good. . . . Mrs. Campbell is to be congratulated on making a whole segment of the agricultural front come alive." — Henry A. Wallace, *Agricultural History*. $4.75.

SYMBOLIC CRUSADE

STATUS POLITICS AND THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

by Joseph R. Gusfield



The important role of the Temperance movement throughout U. S. history is analyzed as clashes and conflicts between rival social systems, cultures, and status groups. Sometimes the "dry" is winning this classic battle for prestige and power. Sometimes, as in today's society, he is losing. $5.00.

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written newspapers in France.

Its articles were distinguished particularly by a sort of chaste elegance, even verging a bit on the supercilious, and a desire to counteract the tabloid trend of the times. This was especially well illustrated the week that the exploits of the notorious Doctor Petiot, a second Landru, appeared in news photographs splashed over most of the French press. In contrast, *Combat* published one and only one front-page report, followed by a warning to the reader that henceforth not another word on the subject would appear in *Combat*. Having lived through the era of concentration camp atrocities, the exploiting of similarly grisly material in so different a setting struck Camus as the height of indecency. Readers might take their choice: either go along with the lofty taboos of *Combat*, or change newspapers. In no case was *Combat* going to be a party to exposing them to vulgarity.

There was no place in its columns for ambiguity or veiled allusions. It was the kind of journalism that was in constant process of creating public opinion – a juxtaposing of men and events magnificently illuminated by meticulous reporting.

In 1955, long after the *Combat* period, Camus renewed his ties with the newspaper world by contributing regularly to *L'Express*. It was this newspaper's moment of greatness: one might bump into Mendès-France, Mauriac, or Malraux in the hall. The guests of honor at *L'Express* luncheons were Merleau-Ponty, Levi-Strauss, Louis Armand, Ignazio Silone, Pietro Nenni, and Aneurin Bevan. Since I knew something about Camus' relations with *L'Express*, I must in all fairness admit that he never really felt at home there. Doubtless this was the period when Camus was trying – and with what suffering! – to arrive at a tenable position in the Algerian drama. But this was not the only reason for his malaise. He found it hard to accept certain publicity devices, even when they were being used to serve a worthy cause. He was looking for editorial policy and doctrine in a place where he found only motives and felicitous improvisations. He was too good a journalist, however, not to have some moments of happiness and I can still see him, trying to hand over to

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me an article he had just dashed off at top speed in his fine, firm, closely-packed writing behind the closed door of his cubicle of an office. On the other hand, he was too much of a team leader, too accustomed to being the guiding light on a newspaper, not to be reminded of all he would have liked to do had he been the managing editor. He missed, too, a certain camaraderie and warmth.

What Camus left us as a journalistic legacy is first of all a reply to that disruption of values which is the peculiar ailment of our century. *Critical reporting* is a passionately dedicated effort to eliminate passion from reporting; in other words, complete candor as to the limitations of the observer in his understanding of the phenomenon observed. It is an attitude of respect toward those to whom one is responsible for communicating the journalistic fact, once that fact has been defined.

One remembers him leaving the *Combat* offices with his slightly gangster-style trench coat, looking, as he strolls along with some youthful cronies, like Humphrey Bogart with a slight Japanese cast, intense and austere, sensual yet a puritan withal. He smokes cigarette after cigarette; then, after a lengthy silence protracted by the realization that he is going to have to give up his newspaper, he is able to produce the most comradely smile, a contagious, tension-releasing grin; and, leading his little group off to some convenient night-spot, he says: "All in all, it's a trade worth fighting for!..."

Resuscitated Emperor

by Peter Green

"To bring the dead to life," Robert Graves wrote, in one of his more memorable lyrics, "is no great magic": and there stands *I, Claudius*, that stunning pastiche of the fubsy, senescent Emperor's *ipsissima verba*, to demonstrate beyond cavil that Graves the novelist could fulfil Graves the poet's claim. This remarkable *tour de force* set something of a fashion. Since it appeared, a number of other Imperial ghost-raisers have been at work, conjuring the laurel-wreathed statues down from their plinths and turning them into dignified, indiscreet ventriloquists' dummies. Rex Warner gave us a prosy but professional Caesar, and Marguerite Yourcenar a stupendously solemn-aesthetic Hadrian. Now, jumping forward over two centuries, Gore Vidal has resurrected that unacknowledged humanists' culture-hero, Julian the Apostate – though perhaps "resurrected" is an unfortunate word to use in connection with the Emperor who called Christians "Galileans" and their churches "charnel-houses."

Julian
by Gore Vidal
(Little, Brown; $6.95)

It was ungrateful of Mr. Vidal to make a mildly patronizing reference to Mr. Graves in his foreword, since of all the novels I have mentioned, *Julian* owes by far the biggest debt to that idiosyncratic style – relaxed, worldly-wise, full of neat in-group allusions and sub-Latinate sentence-endings – which Graves hammered out in the *Claudius* memoirs and *Count Belisarius*. On the other hand, Vidal has one rather ambiguous advantage which Graves did not: unlike most Emperors, Julian wrote a great deal that was not only sedulously applauded during his lifetime, but actually survived for posterity. We have his letters and orations (including a tongue-in-cheek encomium on the Emperor Constantius, his father's murderer); we have a satirical *Symposium* on earlier Caesars, which Gibbon, unaccountably, describes as "one of the most agreeable and instructive productions of ancient wit." We have a weird squib composed, in a fit of pique, at Antioch, and entitled *The Beard-Hater*, which suggests that Julian was not only puritanical but more than a little dotty. We do not, alas, have what would have been far more interesting – his private journal, his treatises on the Gallic and German wars, or his full-scale polemical assault on Christianity.

No reader can get very far into Julian's

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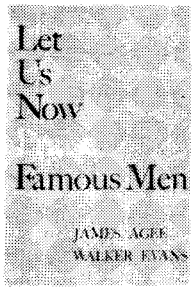

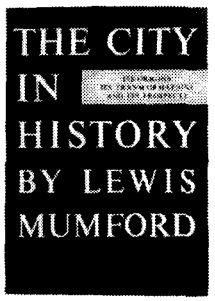

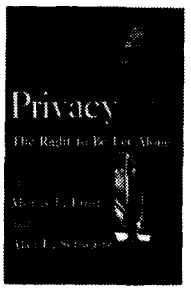

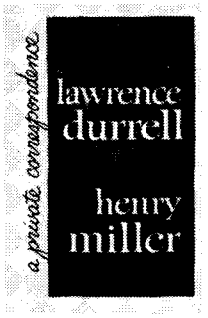

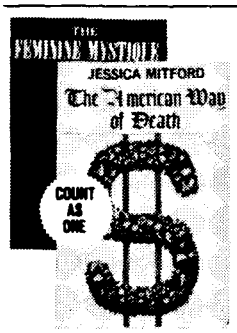

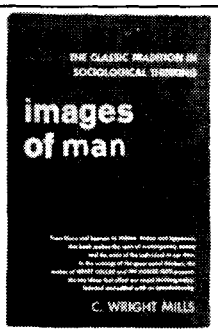

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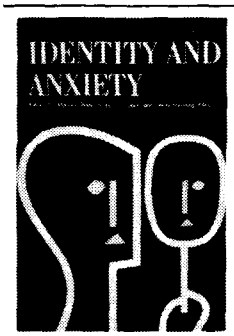

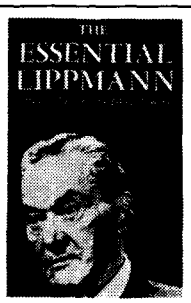

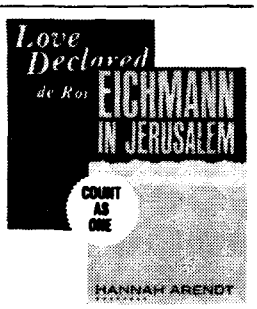

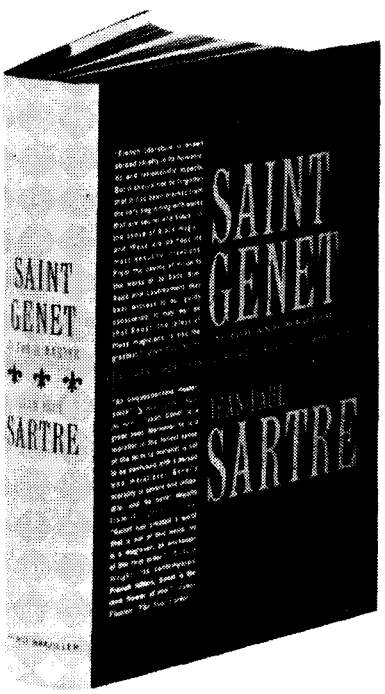

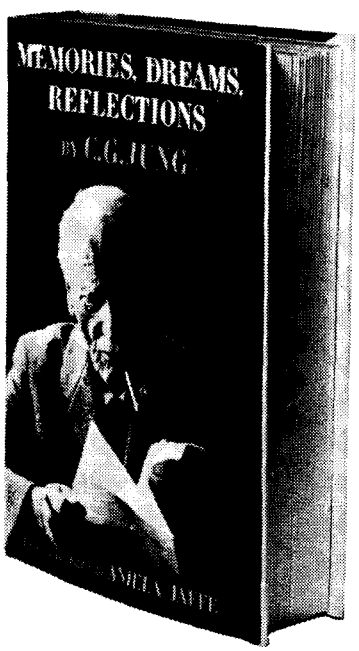

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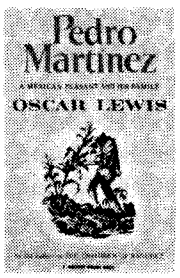

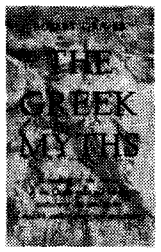

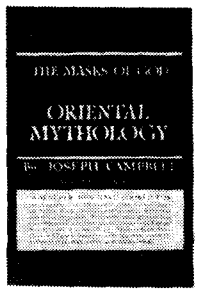

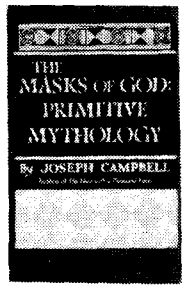

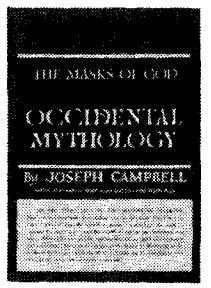

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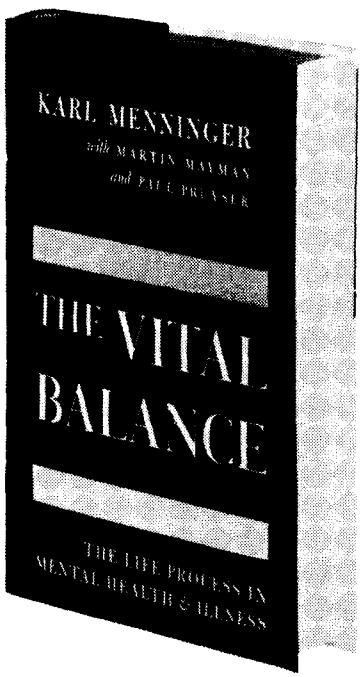

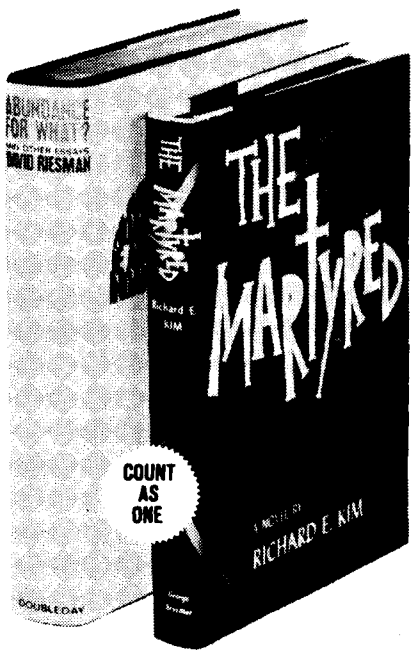

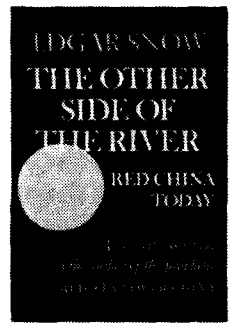

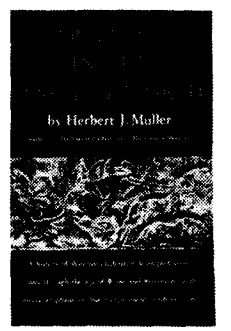

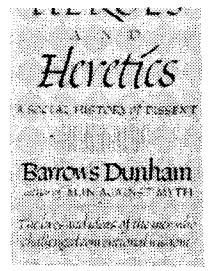

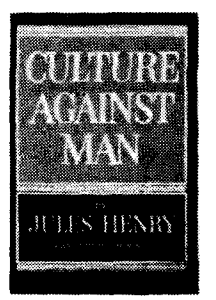

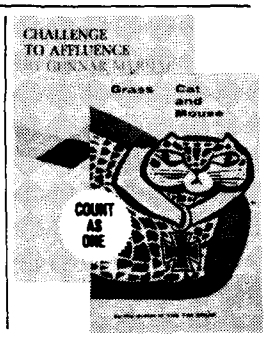

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•**TWO BOOKS COUNTING AS ONE SELECTION**

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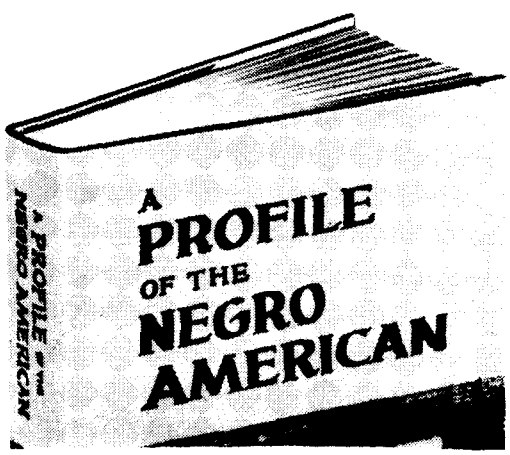
platitudinous, mock-classical prose without realizing that as a Hellenistic man of letters (which he liked to consider himself) the Apostate was a dead flop. Any intelligent novelist who sets out to impersonate him has my sincere sympathy, and Mr. Vidal is as bright as they come. He solves the problem, quite simply, by making Julian a far more witty and astringent writer than in fact he was, and by interspersing his memoirs with acidulous comments from two ancient and bitchy rhetoricians, who are planning to edit the Emperor's *obiter dicta* for posterity. These marginal glosses are by far the most amusing part of the book, since in them Julian's weaknesses are exposed with uncommon vigor: his bogus mysticism ("that craving for the vague and incomprehensible which is essentially Asiatic"), his superstitious dabbling in arcane hocus-pocus, his priggishness, his prejudices, his inflated sense of grandeur.

On the whole, Mr. Vidal succeeds far beyond reasonable expectations, and when he fails it is generally because he refuses to fudge or distort intractable history. A surprisingly large part of Julian's life – he died at thirty-two, his liver transfixed by a Persian (or perhaps a Roman) javelin – was spent either in quasi-imprisonment or on the field of battle, neither of them situations offering much scope for the imaginative novelist. I wish Mr. Vidal had been more free with one enchanting device, hitherto unknown to me, for dodging round military set-pieces: "*Note to secretary* [Julian writes]: At this point insert relevant chapter from my book *The Gallic Wars*." We do, in the latter half of the book at any rate, get far too much hacking and slashing – but then the odd thing about Julian is that, against all expectation, he turned out a brilliant and imaginative field-commander, who beat hell out of the Gauls and Germans in a way that had not been seen since Julius Caesar's expeditions.

Mr. Vidal chronicles Julian's early days with immense relish and a wealth of convincing detail: the constant nagging fear of execution at his cousin's hands, the uneasy relationship with his sadistic half-brother Gallus, the insane theological disputes, the ubiquitous secret agents, and, above all, Constantius' court, with its monstrous regiment of eunuchs and labyrinthine protocol. The narrative suffers a little for lack of what the tabloids call a sex-angle: Julian was never much one for the girls, and became celibate after his wife's death – not surprisingly, perhaps, since she was a middle-aged horror dumped on him for dynastic reasons. Mr. Vidal provides the young Athens student with some semi-wild oats in the shape of an inky-fingered philosopher's niece, who nags him briskly into bed and talks a blue streak up to and during orgasm. Otherwise we have to make do with a little sadism and (something for the connoisseurs) a eunuch's palace orgy.

Long stretches of *Julian* are good, competent Graves-and-gravy, well researched, graphically presented, but not telling us much more, really, than we could get from leafing through Ammianus Marcellinus or Gibbon. Where Mr. Vidal scores is in his vigorous grasp of Fourth-Century *ideas:* he plots the moral and spiritual climate much more clearly than Graves bothered, or indeed needed to do. Behind the embattled Arians and Athanasians we glimpse the bumbling *clochardisme* of the New (new?) Cynicism; and beyond them both move the mystery-mongers and the thaumaturgists, for whom Julian had so regrettable a partiality. Delphi sends its dusty answer, Eleusis offers no salvation. Julian's fate – Mr. Vidal sees this very clearly – was to be a Christian mystic *manqué* in an era of bad Christians, a great pagan Emperor struggling in vain to resuscitate the rotten corpse of paganism, a man, if ever there was one, born out of his age, slandered by Christians, praised for the wrong reasons by his friends. (Even his alleged dying words, *Vicisti Galilaee!*, which are all that many people connect with his name, were fabricated a century after his death by Theodoret.) Mr. Vidal's ambitious novel is a more balanced appraisal than any which Julian received in antiquity, and, arguably, the best thing of its kind since *Count Belisarius:* a book to buy rather than borrow.



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William S. White's Best Man

by Gerald W. Johnson

Mr. White's opus is frankly and openly a campaign biography, hence to say that it is uncritical is merely a statement of fact, not a criticism. The reason for being of a campaign biography is to anoint the subject with unguents – an operation in which critical analysis plays little part. The quality of a campaign biography is determined, not by the fact that it greases the subject

The Professional:
Lyndon B. Johnson
by William S. White
(Houghton Mifflin; $5)

–they all do that–but by whether it is done lightly and skillfully, or laid on so thickly that the subject is left repulsively gooey.

William S. White has long been recognized as a master craftsman, so it should occasion no surprise that his treatment of President Johnson is deft. What is more likely to startle skeptics is that it has genuine power. White advances no claim in behalf of his hero without citing chapter and verse to prove it, and he advances a great many. His skill is revealed by what he does not say. It would seem that he never heard of Bobby Baker and it is only by implication that he admits Johnson's capacity, in grave crises, to lift his best friend by the ears to make him yelp.

The finest achievement of the book is its analysis of Johnson's motives in accepting the nomination for Vice President. He makes a strong case for the theory that Johnson's super-sensitive political antennae had warned him that in 1960 racial and religious prejudices were so explosive that unless they were damped down they would certainly wreck the Democratic Party, might wreck the South, and could seriously damage the country. So he voluntarily closed, as he thought, the door to his own political advancement in order to save the situation.

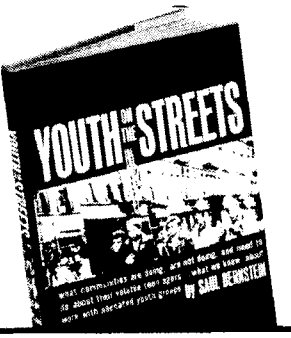
This makes him a patriot. It also makes him a Prince of Serendip, one of those characters that embarking on a quest for the desirable, stumble upon something better. But that is by the way; the patriotism is what counts.

The failure of the book – if, indeed, it is a failure and not a shrewd decision to evade trying the impossible – is in relating half, but only half, of Johnson's second astounding political coup. This was his procedure immediately following the assassination of President Kennedy. He gauged instantly and accurately the force of the hurricane of emotion that swept the country on November 22, 1963. The first necessity in that storm of horror, wrath, grief and shame was to convince a maddened country that although a President had been murdered the Presidency survived. The way that Johnson accomplished this White explains lucidly, eloquently and plausibly. That half of the story could hardly be better done.

But at that same time Johnson did a thing even more remarkable, although perhaps beyond the capacity of any biographer to elucidate. He seized the potentially destructive power of the emotional hurricane and adroitly turned it into a motive power that drove through Congress a large part of a Kennedy program that on November 21 seemed to be doomed. How this was done nobody can say with assurance; and even to say that it was done might have given the man's enemies an excuse to portray him as a singularly callous opportunist rather than a statesman.

Yet the very evidence of Johnson's sensitivity to coming events has a slightly sinister overtone. He has been driving hard for the civil rights bill, so hard as to give an appearance of desperation. In a man who has proved to have been right in so many other obscure crises his apparent conviction that the coming summer means either civil rights or widespread violence is enough to raise gooseflesh on even a none too perceptive observer; for time is running out.

In sum, White's portrayal of Johnson is interesting and informative viewed strictly as a book; and viewed as a campaign document it is superb, for while it is ardently pro-Johnson, it is written with marked respect for the intelligence of the reader.



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Her Ladyship Goes Left

by Walter Allen

Lady Ottoline Morrell was one of the great English hostesses of this century, but the kind of hostess she was was dictated by the fact that she was also that recurring English type the upper-class rebel. Born a Bentinck, she was the sister of the sixth Duke of Portland. As her memoirs and, indeed, the whole course of her life show, she reacted strongly against her environment from the beginning. Her account of her attempts in the face of family disapproval – "my reading annoyed my family very much" – to win something like a university education by attending classes at St. Andrews and Oxford is oddly moving. Out of place among her fox-hunting aristocratic kinsmen, much given to introspection and the study of theology, she did not find herself until she discovered what were to be the twin causes to which she dedicated herself, the arts and leftwing politics of a kind.

Memoirs of Lady Ottoline Morrell
A Study in Friendship, 1873-1915
Edited by Robert Gathorne-Hardy
(Knopf; $6.95)

To these she was largely led by her husband, Philip Morrell, a young attorney who later became a Liberal Member of Parliament. He put an end to his political career by protesting in the House of Commons on August 3, 1914, against Britain's participation in the war. Thereafter, he and Lady Ottoline were at the center of the small group of pacifist intellectuals who remained vocal during the war – Lowes Dickinson, Bertrand Russell, Lytton Strachey and Ramsay MacDonald among them – and who founded the Union of Democratic Control. But after 1914, the artists outnumbered the politicians among her friends, and the painters and writers she entertained at her Thursday evenings at Bedford Square and later at Garsington Manor, in Oxfordshire, included Augustus John, Roger Fry, Mark Gertler, Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell, Arnold Bennett, Strachey, Virginia Woolf, David Garnett, Aldous Huxley and, of course, D. H. Lawrence. One says "of course" because of his descriptions of the Morrell circle and, especially, of his representation of Lady Ottoline as Hermione Roddice in *Women in Love*.

For the greater part of her life she kept a journal, and it was on this that she based her memoirs. By the time of her death in 1939 she had reached 1918. Robert Gathorne-Hardy describes the book as being "of enormous length." He has reduced it to two volumes; this first one ends in 1915. It is a work of real interest and probably of permanent value as a record of the author's reactions to the personalities and events of her time. Ottoline Morrell was not, in any usual sense of the word, a good writer, yet, as Mr. Gathorne-Hardy observes, "so complete was her return to the past that she seemed to become divested of the present." The truth of this is apparent when her memoirs are collated with *Women in Love*.

She must have read Lawrence's novel, and it is impossible to conceive that she was not wounded both by his rendering of her as Hermione Roddice and of Bertrand Russell as Sir Joshua ("Gudrun saw the famous sociologist as a flat bottle, containing tabloids of compressed liberty"). Yet she writes of Lawrence as though she had not been attacked, indeed savaged, by him, writes of him with a warmth and generosity that recognizes and proclaims his genius. They had certain things in common, particularly a common background of a sort, even though his share of it was the miner's cottage at Eastwood and hers Bolsover Castle, the ancestral home of the Bentincks. His first novels, *The White Peacock* and *Sons and Lovers*, stirred up her early memoirs of the Derbyshire countryside. Lady Ottoline met him and wrote in her journal:

> "Lawrence is the spirit of flame. He has indeed a fire within him, a fire which flames into excitement and

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conviction when a subject or a controversy strikes a light. And what subjects do not strike a light? For that indeed is the rare quality that Lawrence has, he is interested in almost everything. Few subjects bore him. And by his wonderful capacity for being absolutely natural he stimulates those round him to be the same."

Lawrence had reason to be grateful to her for kindnesses of a practical sort when he badly needed them. He was not, one guesses, a man who readily accepted kindnesses, especially when his class-feelings were roused. He had his own back on her in the portrait of Hermione Roddice. It is not, it seems to me from the evidence of these memoirs, an unfair portrait. It is rendered, of course, in Lawrentian terms and vocabulary: "She *must* know. It was a dreadful tyranny, an obsession in her, to know all that he knew." She was, as she presents herself in the memoirs, plainly of the company of "Poe and his Ligeia," as Lawrence writes of them in *Studies in Classic North American Literature*, one of "these terribly conscious birds" who "deny the very life that is in them; they want to turn it all into talk, into knowing."

It is difficult now not to see her through Lawrence's eyes, and one thing the memoirs show is how accurate those eyes were. In the "Breadalby" chapter of *Women in Love* Lawrence writes:

> "Hermione came down to dinner strange and sepulchral, her eyes heavy and full of sepulchral darkness, strength. She had put on a dress of stiff old greenish brocade, that fitted tight and made her look tall and rather terrible, ghastly."

One has only to look at the photographs of Lady Ottoline in this volume, especially at the frontispiece, a reproduction of a watercolor sketch by John, to see how uncannily Lawrence has caught her.

And this is not all. Lawrence follows up his vignette of Hermione by describing the party after dinner:

> "A servant came, and soon reappeared with armfuls of silk robes and shawls and scarves, mostly oriental, things that Hermione, with her love for beautiful extravagant dress, had collected gradually.
>
> " 'The three women will dance together', she said."

Lawrence describes the dance and other dances that follow – and one finds in the memoirs this, from an account of how she and her pacifist friends escaped from the pressure of war at her Thursday evenings:

> "Those who came often dressed themselves up in gay Persian, Turkish and other oriental clothes, of which I had a store. Philip played tunes of all kinds on the pianola. . . . These would inspire us all to dance gaily, wildly and often very beautifully, following the rhythm, as the spirit moved us. . . .When there was a general *melee*, Bertie Russell would be dragged in by one of the Aranyis. It was very comic to see him – a stiff little figure, jumping up and down like a child, with an expression of surprised delight on his face at finding himself doing such an ordinary thing as dancing."

Russell has given us, in *Portraits from Memory*, his own reminiscences of Lawrence: he appears a figure almost of pure evil. Lady Ottoline introduced them to each other, the aristocratic philosopher and the working-class novelist. She writes:

> "From the first these two passionate men took to each other and Bertie Russell, as we drove away, exclaimed, 'He is amazing; he sees through and through one.'
>
> " 'Yes. But do you think he really sees correctly? ' I asked.
>
> " 'Absolutely. He is infallible', was Bertie's reply. 'He is like Ezekiel, or some other Old Testament prophet, prophesying. Of course, the blood of his nonconformist preaching ancestors is strong in him, but he sees everything and is always right'."

Lawrence was only one of the rarer specimens Lady Ottoline caught in her progress as hostess and patroness of the arts, but Russell was central to her life. They were very close friends. He is quoted continually, their conversations are reported *in extenso;* through his letters to her from America we catch glimpses of his best Harvard student, T. S. Eliot: ". . . he is ultra-civilized, knows his classics very well, is familiar with all French literature from Villon to Vildrach, and is altogether impeccable in his taste but has no vigor or life – or enthusiasm." Above all, we get in these pages what Lady Ottoline calls Russell's "imaginative side," which comes out especially in his loathing of violence. The most memorable pages of this book are Russell's, as he describes his feelings on August 4, 1914.

Russell dominates the second half of the memoirs, but there are other glimpses of the great and famous scarcely

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less vivid, among them Asquith and Lloyd George, Henry James, Conrad, Axel Munthe, whom she might have married had he not been an unbeliever, Nijinsky, Augustus John, Roger Fry, Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey. In his notice of Lady Ottoline in the *Dictionary of National Biography* David Cecil writes:

> "She was a character of Elizabethan extravagance and force, at once mystical and possessive, quixotic and tempestuous; with the result that those friendships in which her nature found fulfilment ended sometimes in violent quarrels. . . . indeed, her personality was, in its way, a considerable work of art, expressing alike in her conversation, her dress, and the decoration of her houses, a fantastic, individual, and creative imagination."

This estimate of her the present volume of her memoirs confirms.

THEATER

Shakespeare with a Few Tears

Hamlet
(Lunt-Fontanne Theater)
A Comedy of Errors
and *King Lear*
(Royal Shakespeare Company
New York State Theater)

In honor of Shakespeare's four hundredth, three candles were recently lighted on the birthday cake: Sir John Gielgud's production of *Hamlet*, with Richard Burton in the lead, and the Royal Shakespeare Company's versions of *A Comedy of Errors* and *King Lear*. Of these, the *Hamlet* flickers most feebly, partly because of an unfortunate directorial choice by Gielgud, who has designed the performance to look like a final run through. The stage is bare, except for some unfinished steps and platforms; sandbags hang from the flies; a canvas flat has been painted to simulate the brick back wall of a theater; and the actors wear rehearsal outfits and street clothes. The purpose of all this ostentatious simplicity, I suppose, is to introduce some spontaneity into a familiar work, withdrawing the play from history and returning to the actors what has been expropriated by costumers and set designers. But the informality is too calculated, and it is ultimately self-defeating. When Gertrude appears with a mink draped over her shoulder, and Claudius sports a blazer, the action, instead of being left unlocated, is automatically transferred from Renaissance Denmark to 20th Century Suburbia; and when the curtain rises on a rehearsal, one begins to suspect that this particular *Hamlet* is not yet ready to open.

This suspicion is confirmed as the evening proceeds. As often happens with pickup casts, the actors all seem very strange and well-bred and uncomfortable with one another. Some of the performances are simply amateur; others are hamstrung by the obstacles of the production. Still, Hume Cronyn's Polonius is interesting to watch: a cranky, rheumatic, avuncular but forthright and sagacious counselor. Cronyn undoubtedly knows that this interpretation is wrongheaded – he is obviously unwilling to repeat the cliché of the "tedious old fool" – but although he thereby sacrifices Polonius' comic possibilities, it is a pleasure to observe him at work. Cronyn approaches a part like a textual scholar doing a critical gloss; every word is crisply interpreted and cleanly communicated. Since his vision is fresh, his technique certain, and his intelligence wide, he teaches us plenty about a role, even in the act of misplaying it.

Whereas Cronyn illuminates and clarifies, Burton darkens and shades. One performance is all line, the other is all color, like an Action painting. The resources of Burton are almost entirely emotional, with the result that his Hamlet is chancey and erratic –

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effective from moment to moment, but lacking a consistent design. Some of Burton's difficulties are technical; his voice, for example, is limited in range and squeezed and issues mostly through his nose. He sniffs, brays, and barks too much; and he is more dour and surly than truly melancholy. Burton, furthermore, is not of the natural nobility; his Hamlet is less a scholar-courtier than a virile peasant, poetic but slightly muscle-bound. Still, for all these limitations, he occasionally achieves some startling effects, primarily through abrupt changes in volume and rhythm, and he does not lack for daring. What he is best at is ironic self-hatred. He builds the soliloquy "Oh what a rogue and peasant slave" towards a hysterical climax in the manner of John Barrymore; but after turning his hand into a hideous claw on the word *vengeance*, he examines the gesture with wry amusement, then lets his hand fall with disgust. This shows thought, but too much of the performance is thoughtless, breathless, and febrile – less a Hamlet than a Hamlet Coloring Book. The colors are brighter than those he painted on the part in 1953 with the Old Vic; but they are still splashed. I should like to see him do it again in a few years with more competent support.

The Royal Shakespeare Company is performing *A Comedy of Errors* within a *commedia dell'arte* framework which has been borrowed almost intact from Giorgio Strehle's famous production, for the Piccolo Teatro Milano, of Goldoni's *Servant of Two Masters*. The concept, actually, has been too closely imitated to have much punch or freshness, and since *A Comedy of Errors* is more Roman than Italian, it is not even very relevant: the *commedia* techniques have obviously been dragged in to beef up a dull play. There is one wacky scene, however, involving the conjuror Pinch – brilliantly improvised by Michael Williams in a long scarf, fingerless gloves, and tattered tailcoat, a raggle-taggle magician baffled by his own smokepots – which is in the *commedia* tradition; but the character belongs more to the actor than to the playwright.

As for Peter Brook's *Lear*, it has been justly praised. The production is a work of admirable intelligence, carefully conceived and beautifully executed; even its coldness, a quality which restrains one's enthusiasm, is part of a considered pattern. Drawing his inspiration from Samuel Beckett, Brook has superimposed the world of *Waiting for Godot* and *Endgame* on that of *Lear:* the action takes place on an isolated, infertile, and forbidding terrain which is not even worth dividing. The emphasis, visually, is on empty space – a single geometric sheet of corroded metal is suspended near stretched canvas (three of these abstract shapes will later hang down and rattle during the storm scene) – and also on primitiveness and decay – the costumes are of patched leather, worn with age. Empathy has been forbidden – compassionate speeches, including Edmund's repentance, have been excised. The pacing is sluggish and numbed and full of pauses; the spiritual landscape is frozen and dead. The battle scene is a series of offstage noises, heard while the blinded Gloucester sits on the stage in misery, decaying before your very eyes, and the duel between Edmund and Edgar is like a prehistoric ballet, performed by two sleepwalking animals, pressing each other silently to earth. There is so little genuine activity in the production that when a scene erupts – as does the banquet scene, with Lear overturning a table, and his knights demolishing the chamber – it seems as if pandemonium has broken loose. At the cost of substantial tedium, in short, Brook has emphasized values of futility, waiting, exhaustion, cruelty. Since these are already present in the play, it is not really necessary to validate the work by evoking Samuel Beckett; but this presentation does demonstrate how much the modern existential dramatists have learned from *King Lear*.

The acting is very much at the service of Brook's concept, for the actors appear less like characters than like dolmens – ancient, broken, irregular stones. Irene Worth gives, I think, the most intense and original performance of the evening: she plays Goneril as a tightlipped malevolence, exhausted by evil, breaking under a burden of horror and despair. Like Tom Fleming's Kent, a character which gradually turns from an upright human into a bent, gnarled

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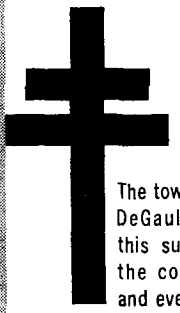

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oak, her Goneril undergoes a physical transformation – a wilting silhouette, literally malformed by the power of Lear's terrible curse. As for Paul Scofield's Lear, it is an awesome, if not entirely satisfactory, achievement. Scofield has purposely limited his resources for the part, adopting a monotonous vocal inflection which he does not vary much, and he conscientiously refuses to thunder and rage. What he achieves, magnificently, is the feel of old age. Looking at first like a retired Prussian Junker, then like a wretched and confused vagrant, he is the very image of stiff antiquity – arthritic, soughing, dazed, and self-involved. Since the life of this Lear is almost entirely passive, it is almost entirely internal, and Scofield has developed the most extraordinary capacity for looking inward, his lip hanging with pain and regret. This occasionally evokes a wrenching pathos – Scofield's first scene with the Fool (played with ethereal sadness by Alec McCowen) is surely one of the most affecting moments in the modern theater – but a Lear without rage is a diminished Lear and for most of the play he is oddly unmoving. Thus one comes away from this performance aroused but unsatisfied, having witnessed not the definitive production of the play but rather a fascinating essay on it by a brilliant modern commentator, one which raises new questions without answering the old.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

FILMS

Thanks Anyway

Here are some films that you have never seen: Francesco Rosi's *Salvatore Giuliano* and *Hands over the City;* Pasolini's *Accatone;* Godard's *The Little Soldier;* Satyajit Ray's *Abhijan;* Olmi's *Time Stood Still;* Reichenbach's *A Heart As Big As That.* (Olmi's film is a one-hour documentary, Reichenbach's a longer documentary about a Negro boxer in Paris, made without the subject's knowledge.) This is the merest sample of films interestingly reviewed abroad a year or more ago that have not yet been imported here. The relevance of all this is that there is current talk of shortage of material for the "art" houses. In New York, revivals of established pictures help to fill the alleged gap while the importers haul out such items as *Kapo* and *Disorder.*

Kapo (Lionex)
Disorder (Pathe-Contemporary)
The Empty Canvas (Embassy)
The Thin Red Line (Allied Artists)

As the title indicates, *Kapo* is about a German concentration camp. A French-Jewish girl, arrested for shipment to a death camp, manages to change from Jewish to criminal uniform and is transported instead to a labor camp.

There she metamorphoses from a shy frightened youngster into a hardened Kapo (trusty). She ends by giving her life for a Russian prisoner, with whom she has fallen in love, to help him and others escape. The picture was made in Yugoslavia, and its only element of merit is the photography by Alexander Sekulovic which, when it can leave the heroine, recreates the atmosphere of the camp in grim newsreel style. Susan Strasberg plays the girl. She has lovely Renoir eyes and nothing – no physical appeal, no evidence of talent – besides. She is American, the rest of the cast is Italian, French, German, Yugoslav, the director is Italian. It seems to have been made in all these languages, with all but one of them dubbed, depending on the country where it is being shown.

Miss Strasberg is again visible – but, happily, more briefly – in *Disorder,* another polyglot effort. This is one more lengthy continental moan, telling us how unhappy, alienated, and teleologically bereft we all are. Some artists of consequence inflict a punishment on us, along with their benisons, in the form of their glib imitators. In films of late, we have had many hollow re-

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productions of Bergman, Antonioni, Fellini – all mannerism without content. *Disorder* is a series of separate but related episodes (in structure something like Schnitzler's *Reigen*) ranging from a large villa near Milan to various places in the city. It strives for both *bizarrerie* and pertinence, and achieves neither.

One cannot, of course, comment on the quality of the films mentioned at the outset, but certainly, as described in foreign reviews, they sound potentially more rewarding than either of these wretched recent imports. Distributors often reply, when this subject is raised, that they are prevented from importing certain films either by the high price asked for the American rights or by the fact that the film is not "commercial." As for the first reason, surely the passage of time must have lowered the price on many films not yet sold for the US. As for the second, it would be a bit too disinterested to disregard the risks involved – particularly for other people's money. Certainly good films can lose money in this country – at least, initially; two recent examples are Comencini's *Everybody Go Home!* and De Seta's *Bandits of Orgosolo*. But hash is made of the canon of business prudence by the gleanings that *are* imported. Can *Kapo* and *Disorder* possibly do well financially? Wouldn't a (presumably) better film like the Pasolini or Reichenbach fare better in the end even if it were not an immediate hit? Wouldn't its quality and reputation help it to subsequent bookings and to profitable 16 mm. rentals? Isn't this current practice of barrel-bottom scraping – looking for pictures that can be exploited for sex or other sensation – as financially unwise as it is artistically barren?

The Empty Canvas has the invidious asset of being newer trash. It takes admirable nerve to title a novel *Boredom*; Alberto Moravia did it with a book of his in Italy. When it was translated here, it bore the title that the film version uses. Moravia was both brave and accurate. This is yet another film that takes two hours to tell us there is nothing to say about modern life. The characters are a numb Roman painter, his rich American mother, and a remote mistress whose very indifference awakens him to feeling. Horst Buchholz, who showed promise in his first German films, has reneged. Bette Davis performs as if to get in her own whacks before the parodists start in on her again. Catherine Spaak is the daughter of Charles Spaak, the noted scenarist, and the niece of Paul Henri Spaak, the Belgian statesman. There is nothing else to say of her.

James Jones is a sober, old-fashioned, Zolaesque novelist who – almost consciously – tries to compensate in honesty and thoroughness for what he lacks in felicity of style or quickness of insight. His novel *The Thin Red Line*, about the invasion of Guadalcanal, was an anachronism – if by that term we mean an art-work in a mode which has been so thoroughly exploited that we are overly conscious of it: a mode which can be revitalized only by such intensity that we are convinced that it was the only form that could be used, and in effect, we forget that it *is* being used. To write a five-act blank-verse play today is not to free yourself from contemporary theatrical limitations but to set yourself additional obstacles. To write a detailed, surface-scrutinizing, fact-thick novel is not to prove seriousness in a literary world of ephemera; it may easily be a sign of artistic deficiency and/or laziness.

Jones' book – in its method, not in its ghastly subject – was frequently tedious. The film version assaults its chief virtue: honesty. Some gestures are made about the horrors of war (which are so useful to moviemakers); some of the details are in fact harrowing. There are hints of the constant possibility of homosexuality among young men cramped together and thoroughly desperate. But it all quickly degenerates into that War Movie about the sensitive fellow who develops blood lust and the tough tyrannical sarge who finally gives his life for his men. Keir Dullea and Jack Warden serve their hitches competently but are herewith urged not to re-enlist.

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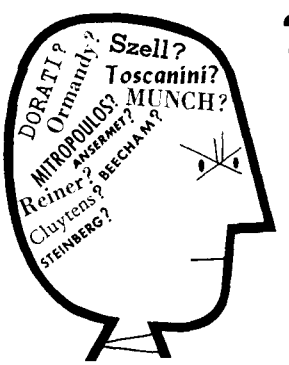

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Lindy's Law

According to a law established and promulgated by bald-headed, cigar-chomping know-it-alls who foregather every night at Lindy's, where always punctuating their talk with the same expression – a long, quizzically inflected "Fun-ny?" – they conduct post-mortems on recent show biz "action," the life expectancy of a television comedian is proportional to the total amount of his exposure on the medium.

If, pathetically deluded by hubris, he undertakes a regular weekly or even monthly program, his chances of survival beyond the first season are slight; but if he adopts the conservation of resources policy favored by these senescent philosophers of "the Business," and confines himself to "specials" and "guest shots," he may last to the age of Ed Wynn.

Lindy's Law, despite its awesome air of common sense, is more a cautionary fable than an accurate description or prognostic; for, as one might suppose, the factors that determine success or failure for even such simple creatures as comedians are a good deal more complicated than the rule suggests. Indeed, frequency of appearance may be one of the least important considerations, ranking behind ease and originality of invention, competition from rival attractions and the moral and psychological factors of self-confidence and self-acceptance; or so at least the careers of television's greatest indigenous comics – Sid Caesar and Jonathan Winters – would lead one to believe.

In his heyday in the early fifties, while presiding over the greatest free entertainment offering since the Roman circus – a mammoth weekly one-and-one-half hour variety program titled with Barnum-like bravado *The Show of Shows* – Sid Caesar made the conservationists at Lindy's gasp and grab for digitalis by regularly burning up in one performance enough comic material to furnish a whole Broadway review. But what the boys with the Pierce Arrow pinky rings failed to grasp was that Caesar and his string of writers (headed by that comic Svengali, Mel Brooks) were not sitting around snapping their fingers, trying to pull ideas out of the air. The Caesar-Brooks syndicate was systematically mining an inexhaustible Golconda: nothing less than the buried life of a whole generation whose imaginations, having been cut off with their last monster movie or "cowboy," were now sputtering into life again as Sid conjured up through inspired mimicry and distortion the physical appearance, speech patterns (Caesar was a great "dialectician"), thoughts, prejudices and passions of every cinematic hero from Rasputin to Roy Rogers. *The Show of Shows* lives in memory as the First Great International Festival of Film Parody. It made Saturday night the most convivial night in the week for millions, and it earned its modest niche in the history of American humor by paving the way for the more sophisticated use of the movie referent by the "sick" comics, the "black" humorists of contemporary fiction and, eventually, by Hollywood itself.

But then a better, or at least a better rehearsed show came along, and history repeated itself as Sid Caesar went down, like Fred Allen before him, firing beautifully aimed but utterly ineffectual salvos at the glass walls of the isolation booth. There was, too, a personal factor in Caesar's decline: sensing the loss of popular support, the comic began to clutch frantically for the public pulse. Abandoning the unerring inner direction of his early years, Caesar chose unwisely to confine himself to the trite subject of suburban domestic contretemps – a sort of *I Love Shelly*. The fag end of this sad strategy was visible this past season, when he returned to regular programming with a situation comedy show concocted by the most inappropriate writer imaginable – Goodman Ace, the man who put all that soft soap in Perry Como's mouth.

But if Sid Caesar looked bad trying to liven up a dull show this year, Jonathan Winters was practically invisible on the pilot of a series of specials that will run next season on NBC-TV (supplemented by six guest appearances on *The Andy Williams Show*). Smothered by costumes, props and trick sets, crowded to the rail by an unfunny but desperately competitive Art Carney, pushed off the screen for long stretches by clips from *Mad, Mad World* and finally fogged out in a *House and Garden* apotheosis (feeding the squirrels with his kids while the sound track drooled "togetherness"), the real Jonathan Winters – the way-out comic whose obsessions have included violence, homosexuality, insanity, flying saucers and two Ohio hicks with wickedly suggestive names, Suggins and Frickert – was totally eclipsed by the public relations image of an affable, modest, regular guy who just does kookie things for laughs. Yet, a few weeks later, safe at home on the Jack Paar show, Winters was his old self: prancing out in a satyr wig, he turned on the audience subliminally with an insanely fruity tribute to "thrping"; then taking a stick from Paar, with incredible speed and assurance he improvised around this simple prop more than a dozen grotesque vignettes. Two of these flashes were perfect Charles Addams cartoons: grasping the stick in the middle and assuming a worried look, he held it out saying, "This came off one of them giant beetles, Doctor." Later, with the stick held against his chest like a quivering spear, he gasped, "The chair recognizes the delegate from Nyasaland."

Success or failure for Winters obviously has nothing to do with the problems of supply and demand; all his difficulties arise from his attitude toward the public and, ultimately, toward himself. Neither a chrome-plated professional entertainer nor a genuine folk artist, but rather a self-proclaimed "square" who believes, with most Americans, that fantasy leads on to insanely fruity tribute to "thrping"; is either clean or dirty, Winters has no clear-cut conventions or social identity with which to structure his work or placate his conscience. Like a plow jockey with a dybbuk in him, he can't be certain whether he's a genius or a nut, a funny man or a fool. Equally afraid to blow his cool or to alienate the prudish mass audience, Winters naturally lends himself to the emasculating demands of TV's image makers.

Only with Jack Paar is Winters wholly

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himself. Paar provides a true parental presence – shrewd, sympathetic and uncompetitive, willing to draw the comic out, not afraid to cut him off when he takes the wrong turn, and even tolerant of an occasional put on.

When Jonathan Winters is elevated to TV's highest rank next season, he will face for the first time the inevitable problems of the prime time complex. The "smaht" professionals, frightened by the unpredictability of the comic's mental fugues, will urge him to develop a safe, clean, dependable formula. If he agrees, the Captain of the Balclutha will soon be, with the gang at Lindy's, a patient toiler on what Fred Allen once described as a "treadmill to oblivion."

ALBERT GOLDMAN

ARCHITECTURE

Cheering Up the Capital

Last week President Kennedy's wish to transform Washington's dingy Pennsylvania Avenue into the nation's most noble and symbolic esplanade was given tangible design. The Council of architects and urban planners appointed by Mr. Kennedy has come up with a model that combines appropriate baroque grandeur for a capital city with a practical scheme which points the way to save all modern cities from strangulation by the automobile. Now President Johnson must set up a model organization which will not only accomplish his predecessor's magnificent intention but will also point the way to save our cities from the strangulation of political inertia, bureaucratic chaos and niggardliness.

The Pennsylvania Avenue plan is worthy of a major, comprehensive and immediate effort. It must be immediate because huge new federal offices are going to be built anyway. Slummy old buildings are being or will soon be torn down. Large, often handsome but obsolete hotels and other buildings on the avenue are being destroyed, remodeled or sold by real estate speculators. Like all downtown thoroughfares in America, Pennsylvania Avenue is rapidly changing and the change might as well be guided and planned before irrevocable follies are committed. The change must be for the better and should make us proud.

The Council's plan would. Where the avenue now indecisively peters out on Capitol Hill, the plan envisions an orderly, beautiful setting. Along the proposed new avenue we would have a dignified forecourt for the National Gallery of Art and a bustling new plaza in front of the Archives Building whose pedestrian malls, lined by stores and hotels, would reach deep into the downtown area. At the White House end there would be a large new square, approaching in size and splendor the Place de la Concorde. The Council sees it as the first truly urban square in this country making of the White House, the handsome old Treasury and an imposing new White House Gate a majestic unit with unmistakable identity and impact. Double and triple rows of trees, new private and government buildings on the north side which harmonize with the Beaux-Arts Federal Triangle complex on the south side, stepped up sidewalks so people could get a better look at the parades, would complete the new grandeur.

To save it and us from being smothered by automobiles, the Council has adapted the lesson of Britain's already famous "Buchanan Report," officially known as "The Study of the Long Term Problems of Traffic in Towns" of the Royal Ministry of Transport. The English planner-architect Colin Buchanan and his group reject the still-prevalent American notion of ramming big superhighways through the city wherever automobiles want to go in a hurry. They would permit only such traffic as is needed in each "environmental area" of the city, as they call it. Cars that now merely pass through the environment would be routed along "distributor roads" and "feeder streets" with various levels for various speeds and destinations. These are to be sunken, with shelves leading to underground

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parking garages where needed and the open air top rim for undisturbed pedestrians and their shopping.

The Pennsylvania Avenue Council has adopted this idea. Its new ceremonial axis would still have automobiles on it, but only those that actually need or want to be there. The through traffic would bypass it on a sunken motor road along parallel E Street. Although the Council didn't say so, this E Street automobile tunnel would, of course, have to run under the White House grounds to speed the cars off across the bridges to Virginia. A nearly completed expressway, now ending two blocks from the White House in a whimper of bad traffic engineering is already awaiting a connection.

Each part of this scheme is thus dependent on the other for form and function. Like most of our urban problems it must be undertaken comprehensively as a whole. To let Washington's multitudinous, pusillanimous and quarreling agencies – road, planning, urban renewal, housing, government construction, etc. – hack away at it a nibble at a time would probably result in worse chaos than to let the whole plan gather dust and let laissez faire take its course.

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WOLF VON ECKARDT

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Correspondence

Twelve White Men and True

Sirs:

In regard to the article by Michael Meltsner entitled "Twelve White Men and True" which appeared in your May 23 issue, it would not be legally possible in any judicial system in this country, state or federal, for a white defendant in a criminal case to complain about the absence of Negroes from the grand and petit juries which indicted and tried him.

In *McKinney* v. *State*, 3 Wyo. 719, 30 P.293, a male accused was held to have no standing to complain because women were excluded from the jury which tried him, and the Supreme Court of Wyoming in its decision in that case pointed out that a white man cannot attack the grand jury which indicted him because Negroes were excluded therefrom. Cooley, in his *Constitutional Limitations*, says that a court will not listen to an objection made to the constitutionality of an act by a party whose rights it does not affect, and who has therefore no interest in defeating it; V. 1, p. 339 (8th ed. 1927). In reversing criminal convictions because of jury discrimination the United States Supreme Court holds that a criminal defendant is denied the equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment if he is indicted by a grand jury or tried by a petit jury from which members of *his* race have been excluded because of their race. See *Eubanks* v. *Louisiana*, 356 U.S. 584, and cases there cited.

Louise S. Korns
New Orleans, La.

Licensing Firearms

Sirs:

In TRB's column for May 30, there appeared the following statements:

> "Four Presidents have been murdered; so what? There is only one safeguard and we see little chance of its being taken. That is to sternly license firearms – as other nations do."

This is a rather surprising statement. New York has a strict licensing system which doesn't seem to manage to deprive the criminal of firearms. A person determined to murder will go out and steal a gun (as many criminals do, even without licensing). The Federal Firearms Act of 1937 might also be pointed to. One of its purposes was to deprive criminals of fully automatic weapons through a licensing and tax system. The result: honest citizens complied with the law while criminals ignored it. I for one can do without the unnecessary impediments of a firearms licensing system and the excess bureaucracy it would be sure to create.

Neal Neamand
Bethlehem, Penna.

The State of Maryland

Sirs:

In Murray Kempton's "The State of Maryland" (May 23), ". . . the students at Johns Hopkins, as an instance, sat through his [Wallace's] speech in po-

Notes on Contributors

Jean Daniel *writes frequently for* L'Express *and* Le Monde *in France and for* The New Republic *in the US.* Peter Green *is the author of* The Sword of Pleasure. Walter Allen, *formerly literary editor of* The New Statesman, *has spent the past year lecturing at Vassar.*

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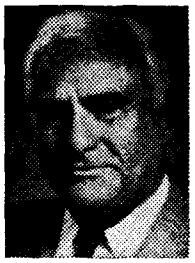

JOSEPH LEWIS

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lite silence, interrupting just once to laugh delightedly when George Wallace explained that he would never say a word in derogation of any man's race, because 'that doesn't go in Alabama'." I was at Wallace's speech and his reception was by no means silent. The audience was supposedly limited to students and faculty of Johns Hopkins University and Goucher College. This seemed to be pretty much the case. When Wallace came upon the stage there was some very wild clapping by a sizeable fraction of the audience and some even stood up in "respect." My wife and I left after about 20 minutes, not only because of the lies of Wallace but because we were ashamed of the somewhat warm reception given him.

Eugene L. Sobel
Baltimore, Md.

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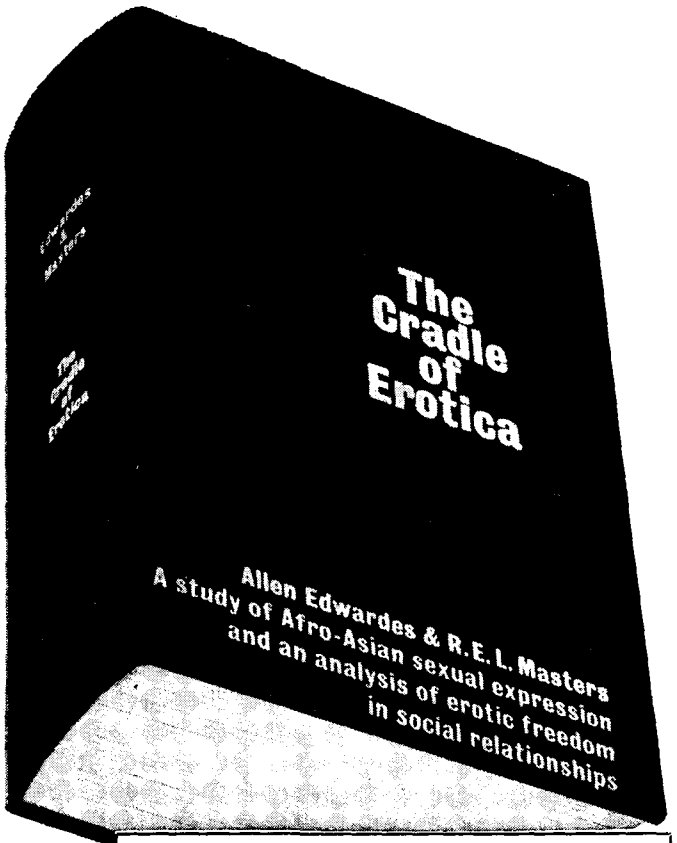
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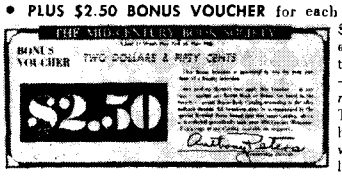

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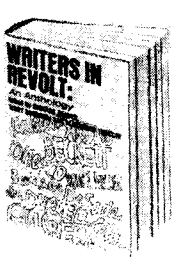

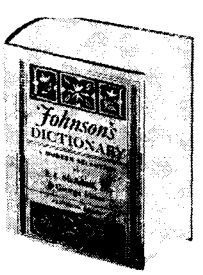

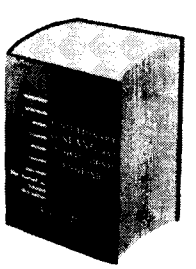

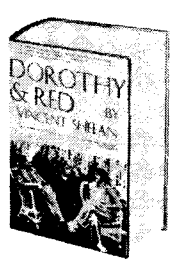

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